Every Week

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A Wise Jane

By Frank Goewey Jones

"I'm Going to Marry Peggy"

By LILIAN DUCEY

I WANT to marry Robert. (There! It took courage to write that even in this little book I never expect any one to peer into.)

Yes, I have an overwhelming desire to marry him, and he wants to marry me, as every one as well as myself knows. To be sure, other men have asked me to marry them since Tom died, and more than once I have been inclined to agree, which is why I hesitate until my head sets its seal of approval upon my heart's desire.

To-day he grew impatient. "What's thinking got to do with it?" he questioned irritably. "Either you love me enough to marry me, or you don't."

"That's just what I can't decide," I retorted.—"whether I love you enough."

Again he broke out irritably, "Well, thinking won't help you to a decision. Love doesn't think; it feels."

I looked him steadily in the eyes. "Until it does both," I answered, "it might not to marry. That's the test I've set myself. Fifteen years ago the first tingle from Life's battery made me imagine myself in love. But I've lived and learned since then. I'll never make that same mistake again, because—"

He cut me short: "You new woman!" It was a somewhat contemptuous ejaculation.

And I laughed outright, in spite of the fact that I was keyed tremendously to the momentous moment. "There you go!" I said lightly. "You're just like all the men. Every time they disapprove of a woman they call her 'new.' Don't you know, you old Adam man, that there is nothing new under the sun, not even a woman? Why, every one of us is part and parcel of what we have always been. The only thing new about us is that we are daring to air a few timid little notions we've harbored since time began. But our hearts are the same—always will be." I sighed.

"Well?" he challenged.

"Robert, I want to tell you something." I was playing for time, begging the ultimate moment. "You make me think of a little boy who is so eager for an apple held close to his eye that he lets it shut out the—"

"Let's say a peach," Robert cut in, with a sudden bubbling up of humor. "You may not think it of my love, Margaret, but I'd hate to cunningly woo even in the remotest way with that forbidden fruit."

I laughed. The clouds scurried away; but I finished what I had begun to say. "A peach, if you like—but you let it shut out the horizon. How do you know I'm the right woman for you, any more than I know you are the right man for me?"

"I know," he answered, and with such a ring of decision that I felt an odd sensation of lukewarmness.

Yet I wasn't lukewarm, except in my attitude. And the next moment he said suddenly, "Look sharp now! I'm going to kiss you!" and followed out the threat.

And still I keep considering and considering this impulse within me to say yes, without reaching any decision. Marriage is natural. It is fulfillment. Home is the romance of desire, the justification of being. And furthermore there is in every woman's heart an ethereal human yearning far a mate that is as far above the corporeal amatory instinct as heaven is above earth. Yet I allowed Robert to go stamping away, angry at my indecision.

I HAVE a visitor—I ought to say two visitors,—little Geraldine James and her baby. Geraldine—Jerry, as we call her—has left her young husband. With the impulsiveness of nineteen she packed up and came to me, saying naively:

"One can't walk into every household with a baby; they're not wanted. But you're his godmother, and you've no boss; so I guess you've just got to take us and keep us."

Yes, I've been playing mother. But, God! what a bitter-sweet feeling it has given me! Only a woman of thirty and more can understand what the realization is of the years slipping by, and the great fear that crushes against the heart that soon it will be too late.

ROBERT came in looking rather grim this evening. "I am going to put it straight to you, Margaret," he said crisply without preface, like a man taking a plunge. "I want to marry. I'm forty, as you know, and it's high time. What's more to the purpose, I want a home. And I want it now. I've never in my life asked any other woman but you to marry me—don't want to—hope you won't force me to it. But I intend to—unless—"

"Going! Going! Gone!" I laughed. "So this is my last chance?"

"You said it. Your last chance!" and he scowled away my levity.

"How tactfully you express yourself," again I laughed. But I was piqued and—yes, and hurt. "You want a home, and the woman doesn't matter particularly—any woman will do."

"Any will have to do." His eyes were flinty.

If he had picked me up and carried me off I should probably have been glad in my secret heart that the decision had been made for me. But as it was I had to defend myself. Pride forbade anything else. I spoke, or tried to speak, as stonily as he.

"Then the sooner you begin to look for her, the sooner you will be settled in life. It's too bad, Robert, that you bothered so long with me."

He rose angrily. Before I realized he was going, the hall door—*slammed*.

And then I did a queer thing, quite without volition. I rushed to the window and called his name softly, then louder. But he never turned.

I CAME back this evening on the same train with Robert, and, as if the fates had arranged things, every seat in the car was taken except the one beside him. And so with sudden daring I said:

"May I, Robert—even supposing the future Mrs. MacAllister hears of it—sit here?"

He looked at me astounded, then seemed to collect himself and laughed. "I'll answer for her not minding," he replied. And then, with cheerful, downright good fellowship in his tone, he went on: "You're the first to hear of it, Margaret—keep it a secret for a few days longer. I'm going to be married in ten days—ten days from to-morrow. It's rushing things somewhat, but we're going to rent the Hemingways' apartment (they're going abroad) until we can get our own nest furnished. I can't even get off for a honeymoon just now; but Peggy doesn't mind."

I was stunned for an instant; but a stab to the heart often affects a woman like an invigorating hypodermic.

"Peggy?" I knitted my brows sullingly over the name. There were no Peggys among our mutual acquaintances.

"You don't know her," he offered. "Dear, sweet little girl. I have her down in the office."

He wasn't looking at me. The train sped on. I know I laughed too. I had to laugh to hide what was going on within me. Life is a mask.

I'm crying!

I HAVE been doing nothing since Jerry and the baby left but groveling in the dregs of my loneliness. Their going left a void. And I look at the conclusion of my last entry and want to do the same, same thing. I find I haven't even the heart to write in here.

WITH just half an hour to write, I must try to be brief. But I must have a little self-communing—which is really what this book stands for.

Ever since that day on the train I have been fighting despair. And this day, the day on which he told me he was to be married, came a letter from him.



"Look sharp now! I'm going to kiss you!"

DEAR MARGARET: I am writing this in the office, with Peggy beside me. To-morrow, as I told you, is the appointed time. But Peggy refuses—flatly refuses. She knows (from what source I can not gather) that I have been your suitor for many years, and she thinks you are still my inclination. I have talked and argued with her. She's adamant! But she says this: that if you will tell her, with your own lips, here in this office, that you will never marry me, she will, notwithstanding the rumor that I am still devoted to you.

And so you see, Margaret, the sum and substance of this letter is to ask you to show me that friendship you have so often offered me in place of what I wanted. Come to the office to-morrow—the day this reaches you—and do me that last great turn. You will find us here until four o'clock, as we have made no plans that will interfere with the routine of business.

Margaret, this is a great favor I am asking; but I have great faith in your womanliness. Please don't fail me.

What else could I do but comply with such a request? But it was just five minutes before four when I entered Robert's office—or rather the outside office, where the men were just getting into their coats, preparatory to leaving for the day. One of them, however, ushered me into the private office.

I found Robert pacing the floor with such a set look on his face that it seemed as if agony had etched itself on his features. But as he saw me his grim softened.

"AFTER the men go," he said huskily, "we'll have Peggy in. Margaret, this is fine of you! I haven't dared to hope—"

"And why not?"

He offered me a chair, but I walked over to the window and stood with my back to it. Then I asked:

"What is it you want me to say? I don't want to make any mistake."

He did not answer me,—just seemed to be listening to something else, either for Peggy's coming or the exit of the men, I thought. After a moment I asked with a laugh:

"But where on earth have you hidden her? She wasn't outside when I came in. Is she perhaps in a drawer of your desk?"

He gave me a look, an indescribable look. Then as the door outside slammed he said queerly, "That's it, Margaret. You've guessed it. I keep her in my desk."

I know I looked amazed. What else I looked I do not know. But beneath that consternation lay a numbness that paralyzed my reasoning powers. I added—and I hoped I gave a right, light inflection to the words:

"In your desk?"

"Yes," he said.

He drew out a drawer of his desk. What he took out of it I did not see until he stood beside me. Then wordlessly he placed it before my eyes. *It was a picture of me,*—a little picture taken when I was about eighteen, and on the back of it, which he turned to show me, were the words, "To my dear Mrs. MacAllister" (his mother) "from Peggy."

Peggy! How the years had flown! I had forgotten that they had ever called me so. I looked at myself in that little gold frame with eyes that saw through a mist.

It was Robert who broke the silence, and what he said was, "If any other man had done a thing like this—" He didn't say whether he meant bringing me there, but I had a swift prescience of the truth; it was the picture—"I'd have called him a sentimental fool."

His troubled eyes searched mine; but I had been so shamed I had to turn away.

"Put her away—that little thing," I said tremulously. "She makes me want to cry. That you should ever have wanted to put me in her place I can not understand."

"Margaret!" Incredulous came his cry. But before he could put out his arms to me I had thrown myself into them. I was not to be outdone, now that head and heart agreed.

And so we were married—half an hour or so later. Then we came here to town to pick up a few necessary clothes. We are going to take the Hemingways' apartment for a time.

God has been good to—Peggy. And I believe she will gradually oust that sophisticated, skeptical Margaret.

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New York's Most Famous Child Model

IN New York there is a girl model sixteen years old who has been posing for fourteen years. Her name is Irene Marcellus, and she has long been celebrated among artists as one of the most gifted child models in the profession.

Recently, however, she has shown marked ability in a new direction. A year ago she began to model in clay, and her first studies, shown lately in the Reinhardt Galleries, have interested and astonished New York sculptors.

Irene began to pose before she can remember. When she was two her mother, herself an excellent model, would put her on a stool and say, "Now sleep, baby." Down would go the curly head on the chubby arm in an irresistible parody of slumber.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

She is sixteen, and has been posing for fourteen years.

A Magazine Cover Girl

THE girl has posed all through her childhood and little girlhood for illustrators, photographers, and sculptors, for magazine covers, for calendars, for fashion magazines, even for classic designs for the decoration of public buildings. Posing has never tired or bored her, and her mother has seen to it that neither her health nor her schooling was neglected.

Says Sciarrino Pietro of her posing: "She has intelligence of a high order; indeed, I do not believe that beauty such as hers can exist without intelligence and feeling back of it. Many models have regularity of feature or symmetry of form; but what a difference it makes when an artist can secure a co-worker like Miss Marcellus, who knows intuitively and intellectually what it is he is driving at!"

A year ago, during a rather difficult pose which kept her arms outstretched, Irene wanted something to occupy her mind, and asked for a bit of clay to play with while the sculptor worked. When she stopped for rest she showed him a tiny Venus, excellently proportioned, and expressed with genuine originality. After that she was welcome to all the clay she wanted, and she would come early and stay late to work with it. Then she took some clay home and made herself tools out of a couple of wire hairpins and some old penholders. Her mother moved the dishes out of the three top shelves of the kitchen cupboard—and thus began Irene's atelier.

This spring "The Friends of Young Artists" held a competition, and Irene was urged to enter it. Mr. Pietro, for whom she was then posing, gave her a week off and all the materials she needed, and the girl worked literally from sunrise to sunset, and entered three studies of "War." None of them earned a prize, for they were faulty in technic, but, curiously enough, they attracted more attention than the prize winners. They were undisciplined, impetuous; but in spite of their size (they were the smallest things in the matter of square inches to be found in the exhibition) they were big. One felt the drive of an idea behind them.

Now Irene wants to model all the time; but so far it hasn't made her impatient with posing. There is a new interest for her now in watching sculptors at their work.

She Directed Her Own Education

IRENE has had from the start the advantage of directing her own education. When she saw copies of Greek sculpture in artists' studios, or heard Praxiteles, Phidias, Michelangelo, or Da Vinci familiarly and favorably spoken of, she went to a friend or to the library and found out just who these people were and what they did. Somehow after that she felt that she had to know about history, and that led to the desire to speak other languages than the one she was born with in Connecticut. So she studied Latin with actual enthusiasm, and speaks Italian, French, and Spanish with increasing ease.

"It seems to me stupid to talk English when you are posing for an Italian," says Miss Marcellus wisely. "Why not take the opportunity to learn something?"

Three Meals a Day for Three Cents

THERE is one class of citizens in New York whose members live within their incomes. For them the cost of living has literally been figured down to the last penny. These are the patrons of the one-cent coffee stands.

At an hour when the apartment dweller uptown seeks respite from his financial burdens in one more nap, the three-cent-a-day citizen is fortifying himself for the day's activity (or lack of it) at a cost of one cent and a minimum of domestic care at the one-cent restaurant on West Eighth Street.

In the basement of a three-story house at 31 West Eighth Street is the one-cent restaurant, kitchen, and general headquarters of the St. Andrew's coffee stands. Here the one substantial meal of the day is served to a horde of the cold and hungry at six A. M. At this gray hour the long line assembles and surrounds the headquarters in a wild clamor for a one-cent breakfast. Hoboes, mothers with babies, and men out of work jostle one another in an effort to get a portion of hash with bread, a plate of beans, cereal, or fish cakes, their chief sustenance for another day. Here and there forlorn figures are seen hurrying away with a pitcher or bowl under a shawl for the little ones at home. Occasionally a decrepit old man or a woman with a baby is given a meal free; but the majority of these patrons pay one cent each. There is always an abundance of bread, and "seconds" may be had for the asking with a one-cent portion of soup, beans, or hash.

The central kitchen is a distributing center for the sub-depots or coffee stands, which are located throughout New York and Brooklyn. Their location is subject to change; but two permanent locations are at the Tombs and Jefferson Market.

A Varied Bill of Fare for One Cent

BOTH stands and restaurant are open from six A. M. to five P. M. on week days, and from seven A. M. to one P. M. on Sundays. The stands are little booths erected at strategic points in the city, where the food from the central kitchen can be distributed to the most needy and deserving. During these hours hundreds of the floating population who are wandering about the city looking for stray jobs depend upon the one-cent stand for sustenance. The bill of fare is rather extensive, and is changed frequently. It includes hot coffee, tea, or chocolate with bread, hot soup and bread, pork and beans, fish cakes, hot fish chowder, oatmeal, hominy, and sandwiches, a full portion of any of which costs one cent.

When a man has been out of work for several weeks he instinctively begins to patronize the cheap eating houses and coffee stands. Not long ago a young bookkeeper lost his job by reason of the failure of one of the large New York wholesale houses. He had been with the firm but a short time and had very few friends in the city. He tried in vain for more than a month to secure employment, meanwhile cutting down his expenses to the lowest figure consistent with his self-respect. At last he found himself down to his last nickel. It was then that he heard of the one-cent coffee stands. He found one, and his nickel lasted till he earned another. Then for weeks he lodged in the Jefferson Market district and ate at the one-cent stands, picking up some chance job during the day.

One day at noon he was standing at the one-cent stand at the Tombs waiting his turn for a bowl of soup, when, glancing furtively round, as usual in fear of meeting some one he knew, he spied his old friend the head of the department. He was coming down the street, straight toward him. It was too late to shrink away; so he had to stand his ground. It was a trying ordeal; but in the end he realized that that encounter was a stroke of pure luck. It was the end of the one-cent meal; for his former employer knew of an opening in a furniture house, and the young bookkeeper began work next day, and finally worked his way into a position in the office.

A God-send to the "Down and Outs"

IN the crowd that gathers daily in front of these stands at noon-hour you can see the counterpart of this young man in the midst of the down-and-outs, traces of his former self-respect still evident in spite of his ragged exterior. He is easily detected by his effort to shrink from your gaze.

As the actual cost of preparing and serving the food is considerably more than the sum received, the enterprise is a charitable one. In order to make up the deficit incurred in maintaining these stands a benefit concert is given each year, and contributions are received from time to time from interested individuals. Strips of meal tickets at one dollar a hundred may be purchased also by the charitably inclined for distribution among the poor. One hundred hungry individuals fed for the price of one American Beauty rose!

From a small beginning made by one woman twenty-seven years ago the St. Andrew's stands have become one of the established charities of Greater New York.

Scientific philanthropy has taught many new lessons; but it has not yet replaced the one-cent coffee stands.

Two Women Wood-Choppers

MRS. ALONZO CLARK of South Hanover supports herself, her two children, and her invalid husband, by chopping wood. One winter she cut almost twenty-five cords of oak wood. She wields a three and a half pound ax as effectively as the germ-loving push-cart merchant wields the feather duster, and it is not unusual for her to cut and pile five or six feet of cord wood in a day.

Mrs. Clark loves wood-chopping well enough to make it her business all the year round. Olive Fremstad is only what might be called a half-time worker. She attends to business out in her Maine back lot all right during the summer months; but as soon as fall comes she goes off on a concert tour.



Mrs. Clark, who supports four people by chopping wood.

But, of course, there is money in Fremstad's concert tours—from $50,000 to $100,000 a season—and singing is good enough exercise, too, though it doesn't keep you out in the open air as wood-chopping does.

Madame Fremstad's father was a Norwegian revivalist, and when he went out 'round Minnesota preaching he used to take his ten-year-old daughter with him to play the organ and lead the singing. When people start singing, it is often very hard to get them to stop. Olive Fremstad was eight when she landed in New York one stormy Christmas eve, with no money and no friends, but with the kind of determination that is only imported from the Scandinavian Peninsula.

After being very poor and working very hard, and saving money enough to go to Germany to study with, and coming back and getting a job at the Metropolitan Opera House, Fremstad the wood-chopper ended by outraging the feelings of every critic in New York by changing herself from a contralto into the greatest dramatic soprano America has produced.



and Mme. Fremstad, who chops her own firewood.

Beatrice Herford Monologues About Herself

BEATRICE HERFORD, the monologist, whose impersonations of the woman buying theater tickets, the woman packing her trunk, etc., are known all over the country, has just gone into vaudeville. "My first audiences," said Miss Herford, at the close of her first week in vaudeville in New York, "was my family. I was the youngest of nine children. My father was a preacher at the Arlington Street Church in Boston. Besides the family, there was a great deal of company at the house. I was always playing that I was somebody—the sewing woman, or a saleswoman who had waited on us in a shop. I particularly liked to be a rich lady, who had all sorts of things I didn't have. All children play like that, of course; and the only reason the family paid any attention to my impersonations was that I had a good verbal memory, a trick of remembering the characteristic phrases and intonations of the cleaning woman or the laundress. I made all the characters talk differently, and in such a way that my brothers and sisters could at once recognize whom I was 'doing.' They liked it, and used to coax me to do it to amuse their friends.

"That is just about what I do to-day. I give my audiences people they know. It's because it's true that they like my fun. I don't exaggerate, really; though sometimes I combine the absurdities of two or three people into one. Go into any wall-paper store, and you are likely to hear some woman being just as foolish as my woman in the monologue I call 'Selecting Wall-paper.'



Miss Herford Is Also a Carpenter

"I GET a lot of things off my chest in my monologues, too—things that make me tired. I'm just finishing a new monologue in which I have the mistress tell the maid to put out the tea-spoons for tea, and remark that she 'needn't look for souvenir spoons, for there are none. Nobody will ever be called upon to run their tongue over Grant's Tomb or the Washington Monument in my house.'

"Sometimes," Miss Herford went on, "it does one a lot of good to speak one's mind about a little thing that's been nagging at one like that. I object to forms of art that interfere with domestic comfort. Yes, I'm for comfort. Come up to my farm in Massachusetts and see for yourself. Plenty of cream and butter, yes. And then, I do carpentering to reduce.

"Do you know that salesmen are often really interested in one's welfare? There's a place, down there near the theater, where I go for tea after the performance; and yesterday the waiter actually begged me not to eat another éclair, because they are so fattening. Wasn't that thoughtful?

"I never get tired of playing. I make a play of my business. That's why I like it, and maybe that's why other people like it. No, I'm not nervous. I haven't been since I gave my first public performance in this country. I began giving monologues in England, at parties and in country houses. When I made my début here, a black cat ran across the stage just before I began to speak. I am superstitious, and it upset me terribly.

"My brother Oliver was sitting in the front row, and he turned to the audience and explained: 'My sister has forgotten. This isn't a monologue, it's a catalogue.' That relieved the strain."

Feminizing Electricity

ELECTRICITY, the well known phenomenon, has had to stand for a lot of ordering about from the human race since old Ben Franklin first got a line on it; but now that it's doing general housework for Miss Anita Baldwin it is really busy.

E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin accumulated millions with his spectacular mining and turf victories, and now his daughter is spending some of it by building and equipping "Anoka," near the Sierra Madre range.

The Baldwin mansion probably illustrates the last word in the adaptation of electricity to the country house.

A six-ton refrigerating plant, operated by an electrical motor of 15 horsepower, produces three or four hundred pounds of ice every day, and also chills the water distribution system of the house.

Even Hair-Driers

THE refrigerating plant is only one of a dozen features found in this house, features seldom installed outside of metropolitan hotels.

An electric hair-drier is found in every dressing-room. It is a compressor, operated by a one-horsepower motor, that connects by air-pipes to each boudoir.

The repair shop has electrically operated machinery for doing everything needed to keep the motor cars in running order, from the slight detail of threading a nut or bolt to so big a job as rebuilding a chassis. A five-horsepower motor operates a lathe, drill-press, grinder, and other machinery usually found in a commercial garage of high class; while for cleaning the machines a vacuum cleaning outfit has been installed. There is another vacuum cleaning system installed in the house.

The electric laundry is another up-to-the-minute feature of this establishment, with machinery for cleaning and ironing the most delicate fabrics. Electric cooking is also in use at Anoka, and the odors of cooking are drawn out of the house by means of an electrically operated exhaust fan.

Light Distribution Specially Designed

INDIRECT lighting is used throughout the house, except where some particular decorative effect is obtained by direct lights, and the fine lines of the entrance are illumined at night by more than a score of specially designed bronze electroliers.

The night view of Anoka, with its setting of live-oaks and its impressive background of the Sierra Madre range, suggests at once the gaiety, grace, and joy that the builder must have planned in designing this California house.

From a well at some distance from the house, a 40-horsepower motor connected with a centrifugal pump raises water to a concrete reservoir. Here a pressure pump operated by a 7½-horsepower motor forces the water into an 1,800-gallon tank, whence the fluid is delivered at a 50-pound pressure to the house, garages and stables.

Only with one chore does electricity get any kind of assistance. Credit belongs to gravitation for distributing the water needed for irrigation from the reservoir.





A Wise Jane

By

FRANK GOEWEY JONES

THE pompous little president of the Ajax Electric Company bustled from the elevator to the testing department at the rear of the third floor of the factory. He fussily spread out a letter on the head inspector's desk and pointed to a paragraph.

"There's a little message from our Eastern manager to you, Miss Diekema," he said patronizingly. "Read it."

"For me?" exclaimed Jane in surprise. Her curious eyes swept the indicated part of the letter:

Usually I'm not bashful about taking credit for orders I send in, but I must admit this one is due more to the perfect sample coils and the table of comparative tests accompanying them than to my salesmanship. Please give my very best regards to "Head Inspector J. D." She's got brains.

"McBundy landed a big contract for us," the president benignly informed the forewoman when she lifted her sparkling eyes. "Your samples were excellent, Miss Diekema—excellent!"

Barker always was in a hurry. He trotted off immediately after popping out his compliment.

Jane Diekema sat at the head inspector's desk because she prided herself on doing perfect work. But such genuine, unreserved appreciation of her conscientious carefulness had never before been given her. The girl tingled with pleasure.

"Jane" is a name that was intended by its designer to button down a ramrod back and to draw tight over skinny shoulders and a flat breast. All the twenty years of Jane Diekema's life her taxonomous had strained at the severe lines of her unbecoming nominal dress. Now all at once the seams burst. "Jane" simply could not hold the girl after she had read that wonderful paragraph in McBundy's letter.

THE next evening the forewoman just tucked a chic c into the basque of "Jane," then sewed the ruffle *nette* to the skirt. Attired as "Jeannette" she need not feel abashed under metropolitan eyes.

She first wore her frilled patronymic in a letter that she wrote that night to McBundy. It was a conventional missive, unspoiled by any trace of gush. Jeannette's emotions were not frothier than Jane's had been. The forewoman modestly thanked the Eastern manager for his kind expressions regarding her. But a romantic heart thumped beneath the surface of the carefully chosen words. She wondered if alert New York ears could hear it.

Jeannette did not tell any one that she had written to McBundy. The inditing of the letter was a secret adventure in romance. The forewoman never had laid eyes on the Eastern manager. She only had seen his photograph at a distance. It was one of a group of autographed pictures in the president's office. After she had mailed her thanks, the metamorphosed Jane stole into the untenanted sanctum and gazed for nearly five minutes at the fascinating photograph of her New York cavalier. Jeannette was surprised that she had not observed previously how very distinguished McBundy appeared in very distinguished McBundy appeared in his picture. He had the thin, sharply cut features of a patrician. And he wore a pince-nez!

How glad she was that she had signed "(Miss) Jeannette Diekema" to her letter! Suppose she had written "Jane," the workaday name she scribbled on receipts for coils delivered by Joe Stekotee for testing!

AT the moment of her incidental thought of the young foreman of the assembling department, Stekotee's tall, hard-muscled figure filled the doorway.

"Hello, Jane! I see you've taken possession of headquarters. Got any orders for me this morning?" The foreman stepped across the threshold. In a lower, half serious, half merry tone he added, "Lord! it 'u'd be nice to have you boss me around!"

Jane had grown accustomed to the foreman's doggedly persistent love-making. But Jeannette all at once took an active dislike to what had been merely matter of course to Jane.

"I do wish," she declared resentfully, "you'd quit being so ridiculous!" In a flash she switched from rebuke to curious flash she switched from rebuke to curious inquiry: "Say, Joe, have you ever seen McBundy? Do you know what kind o' man he is?"

The foreman's gray eyes hardened. His glance flickered to the picture, then reverted to the girl's face. "Why do you want to know about him, Jane?"

The pinkness in Jane's cheeks deepened. "You remember I inspected those specimen coils we sent the New York office a couple of weeks ago. Well, McBundy wrote to Mr. Barker that the samples themselves landed the order. He's the first salesman I ever heard of who would give the factory any credit for helping make a sale, and I was kind o' curious to know what sort of a fellow he is." She laughed lightly and started out of the sanctum.

The foreman followed her in silence. His grim look did not relax. At the door he spoke. "Yes, I've seen McBundy—once. He came out to the factory three years ago. You wasn't working here then, I guess." With bluntness almost explosive Stekotee finished: "I don't like him."

Jeannette darted up a birdlike look at the lowering face of her companion. She half puckered her mouth to shape the curious question, "Why?" Then she locked her lips.

Joe did not speak again until they had traversed the general office. At the factory door he started toward the shipping room, she in the direction of the elevator.

"Well, good-by," he called after her.

"Good-by, Joe," she answered. The words seemed to hold a significance that Jeannette did not mean. She added hastily: "I'll see you upstairs. I've got some broken coils for you to fix."

"All right," Stekotee's deep voice had sounded dead before. Now it pulsed with vitality, like the throbbing of a drum after mufflers have been stripped from the sticks. "I'll be up in just a minute."

A quarter of an hour later they were finishing their scrutiny of the defective coils. Joe inserted into the discussion a topic that had nothing at all to do with assembling or testing.

"Say, Jane, arbutus ought to be pretty near out, hadn't it?"

Jeannette had sharp ears. They caught the quaver of tense wistfulness in his tones. "Let's go down to the Lake Woods next Sunday and see," she granted.

His face glowed with delight. "Lord, I hope it'll be a nice day!" he cried.

THAT was Tuesday. On Saturday morning, directly after the postman made his first delivery to the Ajax Electric Company the forewoman contrived an errand to the office.

"Letter for you, Jane!" the mail clerk sang out.

The head inspector glanced keenly at the hand-addressed, plain, square envelop passed to her. It was postmarked "Madison Sq. Sta., N. Y."

"Humph!" she dissembled. "Wonder what struck *her* to write?"

Jeannette had scarcely dared to hope that the Eastern manager would pen her an autograph missive on his private correspondence paper. When she was back at her desk Jane cut the envelop and with unsteady quivering fingers drew from its sheath a folded, double sheet of paper. It crackled open under her flinching eyes. Almost at a glance she read:

MY DEAR MISS DIEKEMA: You were jolly good to write me. I should express my appreciation more fully now; but I have to run for a train in ten minutes, and am snatching this little time to reply to you. However, I expect to be at the factory next week—Monday probably. Then we'll shake hands and get better acquainted.

Hastily, FRANKLIN MCBUNDY.

A respiration swept out of Jeannette's breast like the genial current of air from a house door opened on a frosty morning. Her breath seemed to warm her benumbed romance back to tingling life.

With eyes that first sparkled, then glowed, Jeannette read her letter again. McBundy actually was coming to see her! In two days more they should "get better acquainted!"

All the rest of that Saturday discipline in the inspection department was relaxed. The forewoman danced through her duties with her blonde head in a cloud.

On Sunday morning, when she went with Joe to the Lake Woods for arbutus, her exuberant spirits still welled over. Manlike, Stekotee misinterpreted Jeannette's exuberance, and was transported in consequence. If the alert girl had not checked his runaway hopes by sharp jerks whenever he gave rein to his ardor, he would have proposed to her again.

Joe was very grumpy on the street-car going back to town. Jeannette was glad when she reached home. Her escort handed her the big armful of fragrant blooms they had gathered, then abruptly tipped his derby and said good-by.

THE factory siren screeched its five-minutes-to-seven warning as Jeannette latched the door of her wardrobe closet. At the call of responsibility she began walking briskly up and down the aisles of her department. It was her custom to make every morning an eagle-eyed, swift survey of all the testing tables.

During the first half-hour of that morning Jeannette felt virtuish. She was comfortable in the knowledge that she had been unkind to Joe the day before. The testing and assembling departments shared the third floor, with no partition between them. From her desk she covertly observed the foreman. Joe remained most of the time at the far end of his department. Jeannette knew he was avoiding her. Presently the strained situation began to irritate her. Impulsively she decided to invade his territory and end the nervous ordeal.

She snatched up a handful of defective coil windings and started for the assembling department in a rush.

When Jeannette came to the ruled-in

front corner that was Joe's sanctum the foreman did not rise from his seat. He received her merely as the forewoman, not at all as the girl to whom he had been on the point of proposing marriage the day before. He gave close but colorless attention to her ostensible errand. His whole interest seemed concentrated on the defective coils. Joe's manner told Jeannette that thereafter she should be treated solely as an inter-meshing cog in the factory machine of which he too formed a part.

"Much obliged, Jane," he remarked in even tones. "Let me know if you get any more like these. I'll lay off that stupid Kelly girl if she keeps on turning out such bum work." He rose from his chair, nodded in parting, and walked away to reprimand the careless assembler.

On her way back to her own desk Jeannette held her head rather higher than usual, while she told herself that she did not care a snap of her fingers for Joe Stoketee, and that she was glad to be rid of the annoyance of his persistent love-making.

As she approached the inspection department her assistant, Lizzie, wriggled from the factory telephone.

"Mr. Barker just 'phoned up that he's sending Joe an order to wind six of each kind of standard coils," said Lizzie. "He wants 'em tested soon's they come over here from the assemblers. He said you was to do it yourself, like you did on that New York office order a couple of weeks ago. McBundy's coming to the factory to-day, and he's got to have some samples to take back with 'im to New York."

"I know about it," the forewoman replied, with the indulgent air of one who has advance information concerning all important business matters.

JEANNETTE smiled and hummed to herself when she sat down at her desk. She unlocked a certain drawer and scanned McBundy's letter once more. Then her vision began to weave dreams. Her mind held no trace of the resentment she had felt toward the foreman. In fact, Miss Jeannette Dickens had entirely forgotten workaday Joe Stoketee.

During the next three hours of that morning she gave only a moiety of her attention to her duties. Half the time her bright glances were leaping to the elevator or to the stairway doors. Her expectations were not realised until after eleven o'clock; then the president stepped from the elevator with a tall, distinguished looking man. Jeanette instantly recognized McBundy.

She was sitting before her desk. She turned her profile toward the center aisle; for the side view of her face was the prettiest.

A minute—two minutes—three—Jeannette held her pose rigidly. No one approached from the front end of the room. She peeped sidewise under her lowered eyelids. What she glimpsed through her lashes made her lift her head. With apparent casualness she looked in the direction of the assembling department.

McBundy stood at Stoketee's railing with Barker. The president was talking animatedly to the foreman. Jeannette smiled her comprehension of the situation. Of course Barker had taken his visitor first to the department nearer the elevator.

While Jeannette watched covertly, the Eastern manager turned with a bored air from the two other men. His eyes wandered about searchingly. Manifestly he sought some particular face.

Barker started in the direction of the experimental laboratory, which adjoined the assembling department, beckoning the foreman to follow him.

McBundy took a leisurely step or two in their wake, then changed his mind and sauntered toward the opposite side of the room. He still was looking, looking. Jeannette guessed that he searched for the girl who had written to him. It was quite clear to her that he expected to find the head inspector among Stoketee's wiudows. Jeannette chuckled as her eyes followed the blundering seeker. She thrilled with the tense excitement of the hunted; but this quarry was not in the least degree afraid of the hunter.

Wilhelmina, a pretty little Dutch girl in Joe's department, happened to be working alone that day beside a front corner window. Her solitary location singled her out from the rest of the girls. McBundy paused beside Wilhelmina's chair and peered at her appraisingly.

The forewoman at the rear of the room watched the tableau with mixed emotions. She guessed that the Eastern manager had jumped to the conclusion that Wilhelmina was the head inspector because she sat apart. Queenly Jeannette was not afraid of later comparison with the doll-like "beauty of the assembling department"; yet she was piqued by the man's expression of admiration.

McBUNDY looked over his shoulder toward the experimental laboratory, inside which the president and the foreman had disappeared. He reverted to Wilhelmina, stooped, and spoke to her.

The pretty assembler jumped in her chair, evidently startled by the strange voice.

"Doll-baby!" the forewoman sneered. "She's blushing too! The little flirt thinks he's interested in her!"

Jeannette smiled contemptuously at self-deluded Wilhelmina. Complacently she waited for the assembler to tell McBundy that he was mistaken in her identity and to indicate where he might find Miss Dickens. Her heart began to beat fast. In just a minute the forewoman would be shaking hands with the Eastern manager.

But Wilhelmina did not twist round at once and point her out to him, as Jeannette had expected. Nor did McBundy lift his eyes in curiosity and stare toward the back of the room. On the contrary, he picked up the winding on which Wilhelmina had been working. He bent his aristocratic head closer to her straw-colored curls. Apparently he asked a question. Wilhelmina giggled, then chattered volubly in response. They talked for several minutes like old friends.

Just then Stoketee appeared in the laboratory door.

"McBundy!" he called. "Mr. Barker wants you to come here."

There was an unaccountable, menacing harshness in the foreman's tone. He was glaring ferociously at the Eastern manager and the pretty winder. McBundy had glanced up at the summons.

"Be there in a minute," he answered.

He stooped close to Wilhelmina again and whispered to her. She nodded her head slightly. The Eastern manager smiled and started toward the laboratory.

JUST at that moment Lizzie exasperated the forewoman by coming to her desk with a trayful of "rush" coils and a question regarding their disposition. The attention of the head inspector perforce was diverted to official duties.

"Take 'em down to be packed!" she snapped. "Wait till I get you the shipping order."

She rummaged half a minute in a drawer before she could find the requisition she wanted. She crossly thrust the paper at her assistant, and looked toward the front of the room again.

McBundy was entering the laboratory door. Joe now stooped close to Wilhelmina. The little assembler's face was raised to her foreman. Her cheeks were twin flames while she listened to what he was saying. Stoketee talked rapidly for more than a minute. From his manner and Wilhelmina's look, Jeannette judged that "Doll-baby" was being sharply reprimanded for wasting time in idle chatter.

"Serves her right!" she muttered.

Suddenly Joe finished what he was saying, and stood expectantly beside the corner work bench. Then, to Jeannette's amazement, a radiant smile beamed on Wilhelmina's face. The Dutch girl delightedly bobbed her head to Stoketee.

All at once the watching forewoman comprehended that the crimson of her cheeks was a blush of happiness. She was utterly bewildered. McBundy's conduct had been strange enough; but what on earth could the foreman have said to Wilhelmina that had brought that contented expression to her face? Manifestly he had not scolded her at all! Vainly she racked her brains for an adequate answer to the puzzling question. Joe walked to his sanctum and sat down at his desk.

Barker bounced in his abrupt way out through the laboratory door, McBundy following him. The president said something to the Eastern manager. The New Yorker replied. They turned into the center aisle and walked toward the rear of the room. Jeannette's heart leaped; she thought they were coming over to her desk.

No sooner had she made the guess than her delight was smothered. The elevator happened to be passing the third floor. Barker hailed the operator. He and McBundy wheeled to the cage, entered, and plunged from sight.

Jeannette slumped into her chair. Tears of vexation welled in her eyes.

Just then the telephone summoned the forewoman to the stock-room on urgent business. When she returned to her desk all the girls had gone to the lunch-room.

Jeannette had no appetite. She leaned back in her chair and pondered the inexplicable behavior of McBundy, of Joe, and of Wilhelmina. She could find neither head nor tail of the enigma. Previously she had been sure that she understood the Eastern manager's real purpose in beginning a chat with the pretty winder. Now she was dubious.

And what had made Joe scowl blackly when he detected the New Yorker talking with the girl? And what could he have said to Wilhelmina that had appeared to scare her first, then had made her rapturously happy?

DURING three fourths of that noon hour Jeannette puzzled futilely over the complex problem. Then, about ten minutes before one o'clock, her rattle-brained assistant brought the first clue to the mysterious occurrences of the morning. Lizzie came back from her lunch arm in arm with Wilhelmina. The two chums parted at the elevator. The winder skipped toward her work bench as if her feet were winged; the head inspector's assistant pelted to her chief. Besides the three there was no one on the third floor.

"Oh, Jane, you never could guess!" panted the testing department factotum.

"What?" inquired Jeannette without interest.

"Joe's going to take Mamie to a picture show to-night!"

"What?" The question now snapped from Jeannette's taut lips like a bark.

Lizzie's shallow head was full of the marvel of her news. She could not discriminate between the involuntary cry of hurt and an exclamation of astonishment.

"No wonder you're su'prised," she cattled on. "So was I when Mamie told me. And she said anybody could've knocked her over with a feather when Joe asked her. Right in working hours it was too—only a little while before noon. Mamie's always thought a lot of Joe; but he never much more than spoke to her before. She thought you and him were keeping company."

The elevator disgorged a dozen chattering girls returned from the lunch-room. Lizzie whirled at the clang of the iron door, and saw Wilhelmina dart toward the bevy. She evidently divined Wilhelmina's purpose to spread the secret. She bolted in order to enjoy the sensation with her bosom friend.

Behind her Jeannette sat staring blankly. Of course she was perfectly sure she did not love Joe herself; therefore it made no difference to her if he did start "going" with another girl. Nevertheless, when she realized that Stoketee actually had begun paying to some one else, and a very pretty some one else, the attentions he had been wont to devote to herself, Jeannette was thoroughly miserable.

Then in a flash she salved her burning sense of personal injury. Suddenly she guessed Joe's reason for inviting Wilhelmina to go with him to a picture show. Jeannette's lips twisted and her nose wrinkled.

"Thinks he'll make me jealous!" she



"'You're certainly a wise Jane,' he blurted. 'I shouldn't wonder if you could teach me a lot of things.'"

sneered to herself in a hissing whisper. "I'll show him!"

She had been so astounded by her assistant's prattle about Wilhelmina and Joe that temporarily she had forgotten McBundy. Now thoughts of him recurred. Sometime that afternoon undoubtedly he would resume his interrupted quest for her. A baleful light gleamed from her eyes as she planned to "show" Stekoter.

Four hours of feverish impatience dragged by before her opportunity came. From apparently casual inquiries at the office Jeannette had learned shortly after the noon hour that the president and the Eastern manager had gone downtown together for lunch. They did not return to the factory until after two o'clock. Then they went into Barker's sanctum for a long conference.

The forewoman meanwhile held herself aloof from the fickle foreman. But she watched Joe like a hawk. Twice that afternoon she saw him pause briefly at the front corner work bench and speak to the pretty winder. Both times Wilhelmina looked up into his face with happy blushes.

A LITTLE after five o'clock, while Jeannette sat at her desk in a despairing rage at the long delay of her reprisal for Joe's flirting, a voice at her shoulder startled her to her feet.

"Isn't this Miss Dickema? I beg your pardon! I did not mean to frighten you."

McBundy had come up to her desk alone. Jeannette reddened with vexation at herself for being taken by surprise after all her expectant waiting. Then she gulped and jerked back into sang-froid. As she held out her hand to the Eastern manager, she glanced beyond him to the front of the long room. She chuckled. The foreman was scowling at her over the railing round his desk.

"You did scare me a little," she admitted merrily; "but I'll forgive you, seeing you look so innocent."

McBundy squeezed her plump, pink fingers in his slender palm. He retained her hand while he put a question: "You know who I am?"

"Mr. Rankin McBundy, Esquire, Eastern manager of the Ajax Electric Company of Kumsagun, Michigan, U. S. A.," Jeannette replied mischievously. She wanted to show him something too.

McBundy threw back his head and laughed so heartily that all the girls in the testing department twisted round in their chairs.

Jeannette was oblivious of her immediate surroundings; but she was delightedly aware that distant Joe strained toward her over his railing like an enraged bull-dog at the end of his chain. But, though she thrilled with the realization that she had "shown" him, that keen satisfaction was secondary now. The ardent look in McBundy's gray eyes, the dulcet sound of his voice, the tingling touch of his hand, electrified her. She did not need to act happy!

"And your very humble slave," the gallant New Yorker added to the titles she had dubbed him with. After another lingering pressure of her fingers he reluctantly let them slip from his grasp. "I'm mighty glad to meet you and to find you're human. Do you know, Miss Dickema, I'd got an idea you were just a sort of infallible testing machine."

"It depends on what I'm testing," she murmured with purposeful daring. She had thought of Joe again. "Sometimes I'm almost human."

She wanted to prove that a small-town girl could hold her own in repartee with a city gentleman.

McBundy peered at her quizzically. "Fine work!" he exclaimed after a moment or two. "Best I ever saw. Couldn't be better, in fact. You'll do, sister!"

Though she mistrusted his laugh, Jeannette did not like his tone, his words, or his look. She tossed her head, slightly supercilious. "Much obliged! Oh, there's a few things I know."

The New Yorker's gaze again questioned the unwavering eyes of the Kumsagun girl. There was hard-pointed keenness in his stare. It seemed to stab like a sword blade into Jeannette's thoughts.

"You're certainly a wise Jane," he blurted in a voice discreetly low, so that none of the other girls could hear. He came back with an affectation of suddenness. "I guess they don't make them any wiser than you. I shouldn't be surprised if you could teach me a lot of things—and I've been around a little, at that. Sorry I haven't time to take some lessons; but I just got a telegram, and have to hurry back to New York on the first train in the morning. It's too bad that I made an engagement for this evening."

McBundy glanced toward the front of the room; then he stepped quickly forward and reached for Jeannette's hand again.

"Good-by," he said hastily. "Ever so glad I've seen you, Miss Jeannette. Look me up if you come to New York any time."

He pumped her arm briskly, turned away, and hurried up the aisle toward the elevator.

JEANNETTE could not have been more astounded had he slapped her face. For a moment or two she was so dazed that she only blinked stupidly after McBundy. Then comprehension flooded her brain with a swiftly risen tide of angry shame. Her eyes and her teeth snapped. Her fingers stiffened into curved claws. The enraged girl half crouched, as if she meant to leap, panther-like, on the debonair man and tear his insolence from him.

Then she recalled her surroundings. Her flaming cheeks blanched in a second. Furtively she glanced to right and left. Her girls had eyes only for the elegantly graceful back of McBundy. All work in the testing department had ceased.

The forewoman dropped into her chair and gropingly picked up a test record. Her romantic castle of dreams had been blasted by a lightning bolt and reduced to a heap of filthy ashes. She shivered as if a chill wind blew over her. She caught her breath wincingly. Then a deep, rushing sigh swept away even the ashes. The bleak, hard road of work stretched ahead into the interminable distance. She dragged herself to her feet and began plodding along it wearily.

"Lizzie, take these inspection reports to the office."

Jeannette did not let her hard eyes stray from her department during the next half-hour. She went about her work grimly until the six o'clock whistle blew. McBundy's stunning blow to her pride had the effect of a partial anodyne. She was just beginning to feel the terrible pain at her heart. A spasm of agony wrenched her white lips as she stared after the last cluster of girls that crowded into the elevator.

She saw Wilhelmina, and forgot McBundy when she remembered Joe.

She writhed in her chair, alone in the big factory room. As though the virus of poison ivy worked in the blood of her face, jealousy distorted her features. The veins bulged at her temples. Her color was livid.

"I hate you! Oh, I just hate you!" ground from between her teeth.

The elevator door clanged shut. The cage fell swiftly. Suddenly the electric lights were switched off; the spring dusk filled the empty third floor. Still Jeannette gripped the edge of her desk; still her eyes stared straight ahead down the aisle.

THEN footsteps clattered up the back stairs. The rear door burst open. Joe strode across the floor to the forewoman's desk. Jeannette rose from her chair stiffly and with nervously slinking fingers began putting away her shop orders.

"Jane, what did that fellow McBundy say to you?" Stekoter demanded harshly.

She laughed in his face for answer.

Joe clutched her arm. He thrust his blazing eyes close to the coldly mournful orbs that gleamed at him in the half dark. "Did he ask you to meet him to-night?" he snarled.

She jerked herself free. "Supposing he did?" she spat. "How is that any of your business? You've got a date with pretty little Mennie, haven't you? What concern is it of yours where I'm going, or who I go with?"

"I'll make it my concern!" growled the foreman. "Neither you or any other decent girl in this factory is going to meet that whelp to-night if I can prevent it. That's why I asked Wilhelmina to go to the movies with me. I saw McBundy flirting with her, and knew what he was up to. I got next to his system when he was here three years ago; but I was too late that time. Mennie would have gone out with him to-night if I hadn't asked her. The little idiot is struck on me, so she's going back on the promise she made McBundy to meet him. Mennie hasn't got any sense; but I never thought that New York dude could pull the wool over your eyes until I saw the way you talked to him. Oh, Jane!" Stekoter's harsh voice broke pitifully. "I can't believe you'd have anything to do with a cur like him!"

Jeannette was trembling all over, like a frosted rose-bush touched by the first breath of a sun-warmed breeze. She reached up both her arms and put her hands on Joe's shoulders. The man caught her to him convulsively.

"Silly!" she whispered. "Didn't you see I turned McBundy down?"



"She jerked herself free. 'How is that any of your business? You got a date with pretty little Mennie, haven't you?'"

Who Was Marie Dupont?

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

CHAPTER XV

"AN extraordinary story, Mr. Senior!" Count Szemere exclaimed when Hugh had related the history of Marie Dupont in much the same words that had conveyed it that morning to Guy Amarinth. "Frankly, were it not for my confidence in you, I should hardly credit it."

"Here are the papers that will bear me out," said Hugh. "This is a record, made by my aunt, of the opinions of the specialists consulted, and notes of her personal observations of the case. These others are letters from various persons who came into direct contact with the girl,—physicians, the nurse at the sanatorium, the head mistress in the school she attended. Surely these must convince you that it is a genuine case of loss of memory."

Szemere looked through the papers, pausing now and then to read parts of the writing.

"Surely these must convince you," Hugh repeated when the papers were handed back to him.

The Count shrugged. "Women are sometimes very, very clever!"

"But what in Heaven's name had she to gain?"

"Ah, who knows?"

"But what has she gained?"

The Rumanian glanced at Amarinth. "She is about to contract a very desirable marriage, is she not?"

Hugh made a sound of impatience. "You think she counted on that from the start? Why, she was a child!"

"In years, yes; but hardly in—experience. Pardon me, Mr. Amarinth, if I seem to offend. For you have my respect and sympathy. I would gladly have spared you all knowledge of the past career of—Miss Dupont, had that been possible. But when I told to you the story of the dancer at the Purple Pigeon I could not know—"

"I understand," Guy interrupted shortly. "Don't apologize."

"She was no more prepared than you were for the meeting here this afternoon; yet she didn't betray the slightest sign of recognition. That must convince you, I should think," Hugh said.

"As to that, I am not convinced—not quite, you see—that she was not prepared."

HUGH stared. "I don't understand you."

"Pardon. I make no accusation. But before we left your office to come here you had been for a quarter-hour in another room. In that room there was perhaps a telephone— Oh, I make no accusations. I say only that you had the opportunity, had you wished—"

"You're right: I could have warned her. But the fact is that when I brought you here I had the hope that if she were this Alix Floria the sight of you might be a great enough shock to restore her memory. A shock might do it, the doctors said. I said to myself that if she did not know you, either she was not Alix Floria, or—"

"She is Alix Floria. Of that there is no doubt," Szemere put in.

"An hour ago you said there was no doubt that Alix Floria was dead. You may be mistaken again."

"How can that be?" the Count cried excitedly. "She is Floria in face, and was she not wearing the necklace? What proof could there be more? But tell me this: How could you think I would so affect her when the necklace had not?"

"She has never seen it."

"Ah! And why?"

"She never asked for it, and I thought it had no value. For seven years it's been in that drawer there, locked up sometimes, sometimes not."

"My God!" said the Count. His horrified gaze rose from the drawer to Hugh's face. Suddenly he leaned forward. "Show it to her now," he said.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

GUY AMARINTH, very much in love with a young girl of his acquaintance, Marie Dupont, one night persuades her to run away from a ball and marry him. They have hardly concluded this impulsive act when Amarinth discovers to his dismay that his young wife has a very ambiguous past.

From her guardian, Hugh Senior, he learns that Marie's real identity is unknown. Seven years before Senior was motoring early one morning in Paris when he accidentally ran down a girl in the street. He carried her to his aunt's home, and in a day or two she recovered; but she had lost all memory of her life up to the time of the accident. No inquiries could unearth her identity. She was dressed at the time as a Paris working girl; but round her neck was a curious necklace, apparently of paste. Senior and his aunt, feeling responsible for the girl's situation, adopted her and called her Marie Dupont.

Young Amarinth is disagreeably affected by this revelation. Mysterious hints have already come to him that Marie resembles a professional dancer of not too flawless reputation who used to dance in Paris cafés. When Senior shows him the necklace that was found on Marie's neck, Amarinth declares that the stones are genuine.

To decide the question, he takes the necklace to a famous jeweler to be examined. He is startled a little later to receive a telephone message from the jeweler, saying that the firm took the liberty of displaying the necklace in their window, and that it has been claimed by a Rumanian, who swears that it was stolen seven years before in Paris. This Rumanian is Count Egon Szemere.

He tells Amarinth and Hugh Senior that the necklace was the chief treasure of the Rumanian royal house; that it was sent to Paris to be remodeled, in charge of himself and Prince Lascar; that in Paris the Prince became infatuated with a dancer, Alix Floria, and lent her the necklace to wear. A scandal occurred; the Prince was ordered back to Rumania. But the following day he was found stabbed in a ditch twenty miles from Paris, the woman supposed to be Alix Floria herself was found stabbed in her apartment, her face mutilated beyond recognition; and the necklace had disappeared. At the trial some doubt was cast on the identity of the murdered woman, as one of the witnesses testified that she had seen Floria the morning after the murder. As the Count finishes his story, Marie Dupont enters the room. She apparently fails to recognize the Count, but he is overcome by her resemblance to the supposedly murdered dancer.

"No," said Hugh. "I shall turn the necklace over to the owner as soon as it has been positively identified by the Rumanian government. Owing to its great value I must insist upon that. Well, you gain your object, the recovery of the necklace. What more can you want?"

"The cross, Mr. Senior."

"I know nothing about that."

"She knows."

"She may have once; she doesn't now."

"The right of the necklace may recall it."

"I don't wish it recalled!"

Hugh was aware that he had spoken defiantly. He meant defiance. If the girl's past was what Szemere had said, then she should never know it if he could keep that knowledge from her. The risk he had taken in confronting her with the Count now appeared to him as monstrous. But he had not for a moment really believed that she was Alix Floria. He realized that now, now that her identity with the dancer seemed a proved fact. But he would take no further risks, either for Szemere's satisfaction or for Mr. Amarinth's. Amarinth must take her as she was or leave her. Far better that she should lose him than lose her virginal unconsciousness of whatever horrors lay imprisoned in her memory.

"Let me explain," he went on as Szemere was about to speak. "This girl is my ward—I use the word in its truest sense. I am responsible for the condition in which you find her. She had her place in life, and through me she lost it. I have given her another, and I do not mean to let her lose it through you or any one else. What her life was prior to the moment that my car struck her senseless that morning I don't know. But what it has been since I do know; for she has lived it in my sight, day after day, for years. She may have been all that you say, Count Szemere,—a professional dancer in a low-class theater in Paris, a girl who flaunted the jewels of a Prince and—paid for the privilege. I can't deny anything I don't know. But I do know this: that vicious as her past may have been, not a trace of it remains in her consciousness to-day, not a trace. In an instant the slate of her mind was wiped clean."

He had turned from the Count and let his glance dwell on Amarinth; but the young man, after meeting his eyes for a moment, resumed his tight-lipped contemplation of the floor.

"Some one has said wisely that we are only the sum total of our thoughts," Hugh went on. "And the thoughts of this girl are the thoughts of any young girl of pure, honorable life. What hurt, shame and misery could the resurrection of an ignoble past bring to her? How can you dream that I would permit it?"

"An operation would have had that result, and you have told me you thought of that," the Count said.

"I have not considered it since I have realized all that it might entail, nor will I risk the enlightenment that the sight of the necklace might bring. I am responsible for her happiness, and I will guard it with all the power I have. Certainly I will not allow memories to be poured into her mind that would pollute it."

"I respect your motive and your sentiment, Mr. Senior," Szemere replied suavely; "though I confess your attitude in this matter seems to me Quixotic. Am I permitted to indicate that you, of the three, are the only one who has nothing to lose and something to gain by keeping your ward in her present mental state? Mr. Amarinth, as her fiancé, might be pardoned for wishing to have the mystery of her past made clear."

The Count paused long enough to give Guy a sympathetic glance, being suffe-

Continued on page 13



"'We must surprise her,' said Szemere. 'Look! We shall place it so—just under the lamp.'"

Women Who Earn $10,000 a Year



Miss Jane Johnston Martin is said to be the best paid woman in the field of advertising. She earns more than $10,000 a year.



Miss Alice Carpenter managed her own investments so well that a New York bank decided to put her at the head of its women's department.

IT is not more than seventy-five years ago that one of the most famous women writers in the English language—Charlotte Brontë—was glad to get a position as governess at a salary of twenty pounds, or about a hundred dollars, a year. Women's salaries have not yet reached their high-water mark, but they have considerably improved since Charlotte Brontë's time. Here are the stories of five women whose achievements fairly represent the splendid opportunities that business offers women to-day.

IN artistic callings women who earn large incomes are rather plentiful. In business this does not seem to be true as yet.

Geraldine Farrar, who earns between one hundred and two hundred thousand a year from opera and concerts, Madame Schumann-Heink, Louise Homer, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Alice Hegan Rice, and Mary Roberts Rinehart; Mary Pickford and Maude Adams: all these women earn anywhere from fifty to one hundred thousand a year. But apparently there are not any women in business—at least, not on salaries—who are in this class of earners. The reason, perhaps, is that women in business are new and haven't developed. But the opportunity seems to exist—a vast opportunity that will in time draw the expert services of numberless women.

At the present time it is inspiring to know that we have in this country a good many women who are earning, on salary or commission, ten thousand dollars a year or thereabouts. They are not easy to find, for they are not much in the limelight; but here is a group of five of them.

From Candy-Making to "Ad"-Writing

IN a former article I told about a girl who made candy. Here is another one whose story begins that way, but ends very differently. Miss Nancy Vincent McClelland lived in Poughkeepsie, New York. She wanted to attend Vassar College, in that city, and, to get the money, began to make candy at home, selling it about town. Her enterprise attracted the attention of Frederick F. Thompson, the benefactor of Vassar, and he bestowed a scholarship on her, as he had on other girls who showed grit.

Miss McClelland graduated from Vassar in 1897. She had meant to teach Latin, but instead she went into newspaper work. She applied at a number of newspaper offices, and landed a job as reporter on the Philadelphia *Press* at eight dollars a week.

Then, in the Spanish-American War, she was a Red Cross nurse at an army camp in the United States.

After she was back on the Philadelphia *Press*, Miss McClelland was sent one day to interview John Wanamaker. To get to him required enterprise and patience, but she arrived.

Soon afterward, in 1901, this young woman received an invitation to call at the Wanamaker store. She was getting something more than thirty dollars a week from the *Press*, but now she took a job at Wanamaker's at forty, as an advertisement writer.

In 1906 she was sent to Europe by Wanamaker's, to study the products of the Continent. She was attached to the Paris office, and traveled a great deal. For seven years she remained abroad most of the time, doing various things for Wanamaker's. She edited a house publication over there, and, in her own time, wrote a life of Napoleon for children.

Since her return to America in 1912 Miss McClelland says she has been doing "general housework" at Wanamaker's in New York. Her friends say she is one of the most original characters in that huge store. She has shown that merchandising offers to women an attractive field, if they will put ideas into their work.

Miss McClelland has originated many things, and put them through. She conceived the School Children's Art Contest in the Philadelphia store, and here was the idea that started the Personal Service Bureau. She superintends the art work and the stage exhibitions in the store auditorium; and she designs special furniture and lighting fixtures. She writes the French part of advertisements sometimes, and has made a hit with French headings. She originated what she calls the "super-store," one of the most attractive of the departments. She started the School and College Service Bureau, and a great many things in the big store are first referred to her. Hers is the intimate touch. Ideas!

A Woman Banker

IN Brookline, Massachusetts, lived a girl named Alice Carpenter. Her people had means, and she graduated from Smith College. Then she traveled abroad, and later became interested in social settlement work in Boston. She investigated such things as a strike of shirtwaist makers, and entered the suffrage movement. In 1912 she was appointed a member of a woman's committee at the convention of the Progressive party in Chicago, and spoke in ninety different places in the West.

All this time she was managing a comfortable fortune that had descended to her. She studied the subject of investments, and handled her affairs with caution.

In 1914 Miss Carpenter came to New York to consider several opportunities that had developed in business lines. She was inclined toward business, and wanted something that would give her ideas a chance for free play.

It was about this time that the banking house of William P. Bonbright & Co., in New York, decided to open a woman's department, and to put a woman at the head of it.

Opportunity is, indeed, a curious thing. This house wanted a level-headed woman of discernment, who had experience in managing investments. Miss Carpenter was such a woman, and she came to the attention of these bankers. She is now in charge of this work, and many stories are told of her success. Last April she went to The Hague as a delegate to the Peace Conference.

A Story of Ups and Downs

JUMP back some twenty years, to Chicago.

May O'Connor lived there, and one day she applied at "The Fair" department store for work. She was twelve years old—that was when the child-labor laws were more lenient. They took her on as a cash-girl.

She became a wrapper six months later, and then a cashier. Then there was a shake-up, and she was "let out." After a brief period with another store, she left to go to the fur store of D'Ascoma & Co. This house subsequently opened a store in New York, and Miss O'Connor was sent there.

The story of her ups and downs is too long for this narrative. But all the while she was studying merchandise. At one period she worked at the Siegel-Cooper store in New York, where she met and married Richard Haugan, a buyer. Then she was offered a position as buyer for a Pittsburgh store, and flitted between that city and New York. Later she was a buyer for the O'Neill-Adams store in New York. Her salary had now grown to $5,000 a year.

When Gimbel Brothers opened their big department store in New York in 1910, they sent for Mrs. Haugan and offered her a salary of $3,500, together with a percentage of sales over a certain figure. It was "up to" her how much she should make. The first year her commissions alone were $4,100.

I shall not attempt to draw any picture of the tremendous aggregate effect that has made this energetic woman successful; but her story, like that of Miss McClelland, shows that merchandising offers women a great opportunity if they study it as men do.

Newspaper Weeps and Trills

DOWN on a farm partly in Tennessee and partly in Kentucky there once lived a young girl named Elizabeth Meriwether. Later she moved with her parents to Clarksville, Tennessee, where she got the idea of becoming a writer. At twenty she married George Gilmer, and soon afterward they moved to Mississippi. Here she chanced to meet Elisabeth J. Nicholson, of the New Orleans *Picayune*. The result was the publication of a story by Mrs. Gilmer in the *Picayune*.

Maybe this was chance; but her work and ability usually find more than one chance. Other stories followed in the *Picayune* and in various periodicals; and then the message came from the *Picayune*:

"Come down and work for us."

She went—at ten dollars a week. Then she got fifteen dollars, and later twenty dollars. They sent her out first to "cover" a funeral, and afterward the staff had a lot of fun because she wept so delightfully in print.

It was a new style, anyway, that she put over, as the saying is. New Orleans liked it, and Mrs. Gilmer inaugurated two special departments for which she wrote in her own way. In looking about for a nom de plume under which she could weep and laugh as much as she pleased she remembered that an old negress had called her husband "Dix." She took the name and put "Dorothy" in front of it because she liked the name. That was how "Dorothy Dix" happened.

Up in New York there were some newspaper men who read the New Orleans *Picayune*, and they liked the sound of those weeps and trills of laughter. Would Dorothy come to New York at seventy-five dollars a week?

To-day she is one of the highest paid women in newspaper work—a little woman with dark eyes, who reports murder or love, and likes to tell jokes on herself.

The Best Paid Woman in Advertising

ABOUT twenty years ago a girl named Jane Johnston Martin studied stenography in New York, where she lived, and found a position with A. B. Scott, a patent-medicine man. For seven years she worked along steadily but without great progress, and then she was made her employer's private secretary.

The proprietor went to Europe, as he often did, on the company's business, and was gone six months. It fell to Miss Martin's lot to look after the advertising. While he was gone she worked out some original ideas, and showed them to him on his return.

Then Mr. Scott said to her, in effect:

"We will open a regular advertising department, and if you want the job as assistant advertising manager you can have it."

She did want it, and she was really the advertising manager, not the assistant. For this she received thirty dollars a week.

In 1901 Miss Martin was offered the position of manager of the Alfred E. Ross Special Advertising Agency, at fifty dollars a week; and in the two succeeding years she handled some very large advertising deals. One of these was a breakfast food campaign.

In 1903 Miss Martin went to the Sperry & Hutchinson Company as assistant advertising manager, and is now manager. She is said to be the best paid woman in advertising work. She gets more than ten thousand dollars, though on this subject she herself is silent.



MOST of us imagine that all the gateman has to do is to sit there and exert his lofty moral influence, and occasionally, just by way of breaking the tedium, give that handle thing a few authoritative yumps. Yes, the ticket-chopper's job looks easy, but there's a catch in it.

A very perfect lady comes fox-trotting, late for her matinée. While the train comes thundering round the curve she struggles with the fastening of her gold mesh bag. She painlessly extracts her ticket. Then, holding the ticket carefully in one hand, with the other she daintily tosses the gold mesh bag into the box.

There are two facts about a ticket-chopper's canoeing box which distinguish it from all the other boxes in the world. Nothing that goes into it can come out. And everything that goes into it is punched nearly to bits with sharp cruncalmi teeth. If the ticket-chopping man ever allowed himself to "get thinking about something else," as the rest of us are forever doing, if he gave that handle the least little tap, the beautiful gold mesh bag would be a thing of the interesting past.

Nickels, crackers, letters, legs, tumble into the ticket-chopper's box, and sometimes a malefactor tries to get past without making any contribution whatever.

"Careless," says the ticket-chopper, who regrets us and our existence. "Very, very careless."



A STREET-CAR conductor does not retain his natural buoyancy of disposition any longer than a nursery governess does. There are baffling destinies, and they are both charter members of the Pessimists' Club. Both are expected to boss us without making us mad. This is manifestly impossible, and the same feud rages between the conductor and the public as that between the harassed governess and the poor little rich girl.

Ask any conductor for a written list of the things he absolutely must make us do. Here it is:

"Let 'em off first."
"Step lively!"
"Move forward in the car, please."
"Watch your step."

Ask any other conductor to mention what the public absolutely can not be made to do. The two lists are identical.

WHEN Gilbert and Sullivan wrote "A policeman's lot is not a happy one," they had never seen a Fifth Avenue mounted traffic cop make a square rod of millionaires' limousines wait upon a single wave of his white-gloved hand.

The copper thinks of us rather indulgently, for the most part—as children. In the silk-stocking wards he asks us to please behave, and down where stockings are part or wholly little he takes us by the scruff of our necks if we get too original.



What They Abou

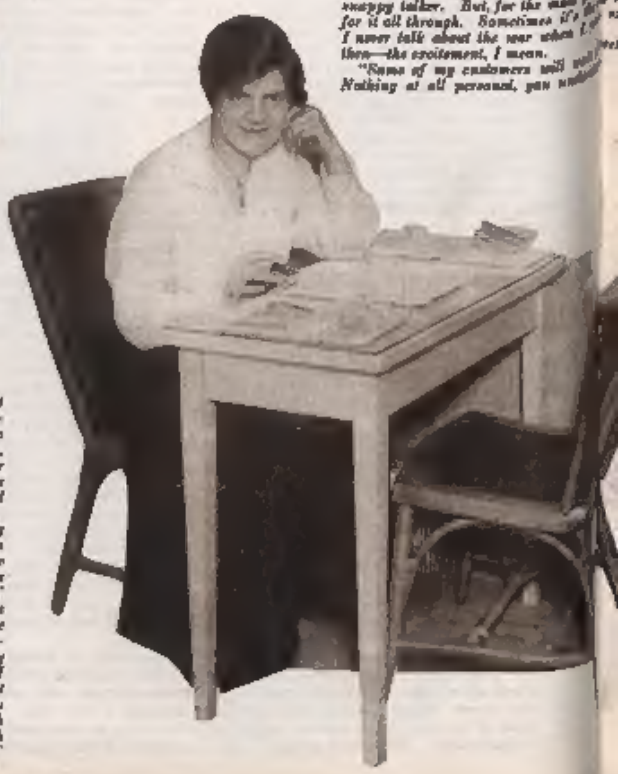
Next Week:



"THE main difference between [illegible] of being laughed at and women [illegible] that, and, believe me, it's so. [illegible] yours ago hardly a man in this country [illegible] in a barber shop, for instance—[illegible] one remark of that kind comes [illegible]

"Another good old chestnut [illegible] there are places like that still, of [illegible] snappy talker. But, for the most [illegible] for it all through. Sometimes it's [illegible] I never talk about the war when I [illegible] them—the excitement, I mean.

"Some of my customers will [illegible] Nothing at all personal, you [illegible]



THIS is one person who doesn't regret the "woman's invasion" of the business world. "They're sweet to clean up after always," she says. "No cuspidors, no cigar butts, no 'peanut lunches' for them. They keep a duster in their desks and a pleasant word on their lips, and they call you by your name.

"There are all kinds of folks in a big Wall Street office building. I have known gentlemen, plenty old enough to know better, who leave loose change around on their desks 'to see if the woman's honest.' Such goings on are against nature, and a sin and a shame. But, again, maybe you'll get a whole floor full of just, understanding folk. Once a lawyer in my building gave me a five-dollar bill when I found his scarf-pin under the radiator. It was a present from his lady friend. You don't begrudge sifting the dirt and rubbish three times over when you meet up with appreciation like that for your pains."



THE great American lunch-swallower enters a restaurant, puts his watch on the table, and orders a seventeen-minute steak in three minutes. Undoubtedly there is a run on steaks that day, and George has to wait his turn at the broiling-table. Seven minutes—nine minutes pass. Word comes out from the irate guest, "Read my waiter to me. The waiter obeys, thus losing his place at the line. Then both the guest and the "head" jump on his tenderest feelings. Yet not a word can he murmur back. Waiters carry napkins on their left arms to hold on to at times like this.

The business woman is his favorite patron. She knows what she wants and she is just as generous as a male.

Next to an undeserved calling down, a waiter hates to see amateur diners make fatal mistakes in ordering—as when an $18-a-week clerk calls for "two big porterhouse steaks with mushrooms and two kinds of potatoes" for himself and a very petite young lady. "Where what they should have had were a nice chicken salad and two iced teas," moans the waiter—but to himself. The man who deserves the waiter—but to himself. The man who deserves no mercy at all, either in this world or the world to come, is the man who pounds his tumbler with his knife when he wants more butter or his check.



Really Think ut You

fferent Kinds of Danger."

YOU may fool both your wife and your maid about the actual amount of sunshine in your soul, but Central has your number. Luckily for the rest of us, she never tells.

"I have a grouch," says Central. "I never have time to have one myself, and there is no need for the rest of you to get so excited.

"A lot of people think it's smart to hand out fresh conversation to the girl on their wire. First it's 'How do you do?' and then 'Feeling any happier to-day?' And so on. Well, that sort of thing doesn't hurt us any, and at all events it's better than being treated as if we were built in with the machine.

"A fellow may get away all right with a real Panama on the Avenue at six o'clock, says Central, "but just let me hear how he sounds when he thinks he can't come to get his nickel back on a 'don't answer call' from a pay station. Maybe you think many people can pass a test like that? One moment, please."

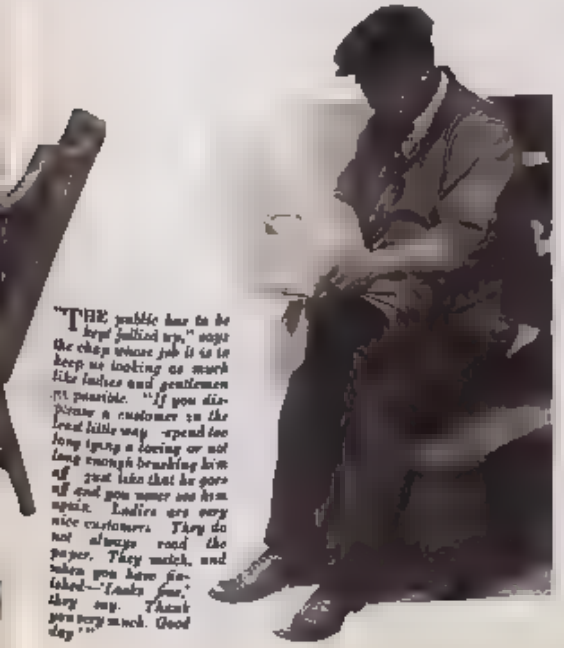




women," says the manicurist, "is that men are afraid to used to it they don't mind. Mrs. Pankhurst said little matter of having your nails done every week. Two get the habit. And as for having his hands looked after night. He'd be afraid of being called a sissy. Now, just your my table.

to about having some pretty girl hold your hand. Well, where the qualification of a manicurist is that she be a business man has his nails done because he feels better really powerful few minutes he gets in the whole week. except during the polishing. It comes in rather well

work rather than have any one but me do their hands. It's simply that they have got used to my touch.



"THE public has to be kept pulled up," says the chap whose job it is to keep us looking as much like ladies and gentlemen as possible. "If you discover a customer in the least little way—spend too long tying a bowing or not long enough brushing him off—just take that he goes off and you never see him again. Ladies are very nice customers. They do not always read the paper. They match, and when you have finished—'Looks fine,' they say. 'Thank you very much. Good day.'"

"INDIVIDUALLY," says the postman, "the public is fine. People are always glad to see me, and I am always glad to do little things to oblige—such as waiting over a day or so for extra postage due, or giving the young lady her mail on the corner below, so her mother won't count the number of letters coming in from that chap out West.

"But listen to this, and tell me if I can be altogether happy about my job. I cut it out of a recent St. Louis paper:

"'Ranged in double line at the post-office, at one o'clock yesterday afternoon, all the supervisory officials, clerks, and letter-carriers, headed by the Postmaster, stood at salute as J. Carmody Smith of Webster Grove, eighty-three years old, and connected with the post-office thirty-six years, was honorably discharged from the service.

"'Thirty-six years in the service, and all he gets is an "honorable discharge"! Why does not the public help us to get our retirement law and free us from the dread of a penniless old age?'

THE information man is expected to know everything under the sun, including what his excited questioner is driving at. His worst trial is the fuzzy young undergraduate who asks how to get to Pennsylvania, and then doesn't listen to the answer.

Women traveling alone, especially old ladies, are apt to be agitated and worried, but they are always polite and appreciative of any aid given them.

"The man who doesn't mind you in find out where he is going is the worst," says the information man. "He asks for a Michigan Central time-table, for instance, and then comes back here because it doesn't have any Florida trains in it. We are not interested in anybody's private affairs. It's all the same to us whether we hand out a train schedule to Reno or to Niagara Falls. Why can't people ask plainly for what they want, and make it brief?"

This Lioness Lives in a Sculptor's Back Yard

BECAUSE Felix Gould of Paterson, New Jersey a Dane of twenty-four and a teacher in Public School No. 10, wanted to be a sculptor and found it difficult to procure living wild animal models, he bought a lioness cub from the menagerie in Central Park and took it to his home as a pet.

The cub being not much larger than a kitten, young Gould carried it home in his arms, and, following instructions, proceeded to bring it up by means of a bottle and two quarts of milk a day, to which the baby lioness took very kindly indeed.

Every two hours she nestled in his arms and had her bottle exactly as a baby does, and never once in the whole six months of her babyhood did her master fail to be on hand at feeding time. Naturally the cub's affections centered on young Gould, who always has had intense fondness for wild animals, and understands their natures so well that he is absolutely fearless where they are concerned.



All the neighbors' children used to play with this lioness but now that she has been taken off the nursing bottle and put on a flesh diet, parents have resumed to look upon her with fear. Five-year-old Rhoda, the niece of Felix Gould, the sculptor who owns her is now the sole playmate

How Queenie Shows Her Affection

WHEN Queenie as the lioness is called, greets him by rising on her hind legs, putting both fore paws about his neck and pulling his head down to be kissed, he takes it as a matter of course and when she rubs her face against his with every demonstration of affection young Gould returns the embrace, and with a pat on the tawny hide says "Well, Queenie, old girl, we understand each other don't we?"

And Queenie makes a loving purring sound, for all the world like a great cat, and settles in his arms with a huge murmur of perfect content.

The lioness is now nearly a year old, and the nursing bottle has long since been replaced by a good measure of chopped beef a long rib bone and basins of vegetable soup, with a daily loaf of bread.

The neighbors objected to her daily rambles about the yard; so the porch in the rear of the Gould home was inclosed and fitted with wire screening and glassed sides, in order that Queenie might look out on the back yard and watch the children at play.

She considers children her legitimate playmates, and when not permitted to roam freely among them shows her displeasure by roars the size of a full grown lion's, although she weighs hardly eighty pounds.

She Used to Play with the Children

WHEN she was a cub, with the freedom of the house and yard sitting at table with the rest of the family curling up in all the chairs, and getting underfoot in all sorts of unexpected places, the neighbors' children loved to sprawl on the ground with her, scratch her back, pull her ears and roll over and over in paroxysms of laughter when she sprang first at one then at another enjoying the sport as much as they. Young Gould's arms and hands show the scars of many bites given when she lunged at him in playful mood. But, as she grew larger and older, devoted fathers and anxious mothers pulled their offspring away from the back yard one by one, until only little Rhoda—five years old, and a niece of the Gould family—was allowed to play with or go near the lioness at all.

Queenie Likes Automobiling

THE two are great friends. Rhoda is not at all afraid to pull open Queenie's jaws to display the great dangerous molars inside, or to let the animal embrace her, but lavishes caresses upon her and orders her about. She is often present at meal-time, but when the lioness is feeding no one, not even her master can touch her without arousing a savage snarl. She lives in luxury—a straw bed, feeding bowls and drinking vessels, a medicine shelf containing sulphur and phosphate which all wild animals in captivity need, and various other articles. She "gobbles" madly at meals; but always has her face wiped with her own special napkin, and seems to miss it if the ceremony is not promptly performed.

Her favorite diversion is an automobile ride, and there isn't a horn made whose honk can startle her. As she is now worth about six times what her owner paid for her she is a valuable animal, and her outings are taken only at night, that she may be well guarded. She is a Barbary lioness, said to be one of the most beautiful of her kind.

Washington Couldn't Get Along Without Them

THE men who work for the government at Washington seem able to be away from their jobs for weeks at a time without any serious results—but if you were to take those three women away for any long period, it is hard to imagine what calamities might not happen. For one of them tells Washington when to wear its dress suit and what fork to use first at the table and one is the "great mother" to all the Indian tribes and the third is Washington's official tea-taster.

"What shall I wear to this diplomatic reception?"

"Whom shall I put first on my invitation list for the first formal luncheon?"

"Who are the people I ought to know in Washington?"

Washington's Etiquette Guide

THESE are some of the hundreds of puzzling questions that used to drive the wives of new senators and congressmen almost to distraction. For the etiquette of official Washington has been fixed since the days of Thomas Jefferson, and woe to the unfortunate woman whose ignorance led her to transgress the law. Many of them did transgress in former days, and suffered bitterly for it. But that was before Mrs. Peter R. Laboulaye established her Bureau of Social Assistance. Now no hostess or guest no matter how inexperienced need go astray. For a telephone message to Mrs. Laboulaye, or a letter of inquiry, will bring directions for any function, all written in words of one syllable, and as easy to follow as a menu-card. That is Mrs. Laboulaye's job—keeping the social fleet from eating ice cream with a fork.

The Indians' Great White Mother"

THE little brown woman whose dusk-colored braids and embroidered robes tell of her Indian lineage has a very different clientele. Miss Marie L. Baldwin's clients still eat with their fingers, as their ancestors did. You will find her in the Indian Bureau. She is the official conscience of the government in its dealings with the Indians. It is Miss Baldwin's job to see that their interests are protected, that no deals are put through to their disadvantage, and that when Indian affairs are discussed there is some one on hand to see that the red men on the far-away plains get what is coming to them.

The Government a Woman Tea Expert

AND across the way in the Department of Agriculture surrounded by dainty linen and china and sweets, by microscopes, filters, and phials, sits Miss Alberta Kead, the United States government's official taster of tea. More tea is condemned every week at her behest than was ever thrown into Boston Harbor.

Three women—you probably never heard of any of them; but Washington would find it hard to keep house without them.





"The men who work for the government at Washington seem able to be away from their jobs for weeks at a time without serious results—but if you were to take those three women away for any long period it is hard to imagine what might happen"



Here is more of

Who Was Marie Dupont?

Continued from page 8

[illegible] ry of the [illegible] of [illegible] pending my future life be happiness of one dearer than my life Until I [illegible] serve him, an[illegible] most dear to me. In your ward lies now my one hope of finding the [illegible]. You will therefore pardo[illegible] us if I [illegible] Szemere but my [illegible] She shall not be shown [illegible] nor shall she be questioned about [illegible]

AN ominous light appeared in the Rumanian's eyes: but his voice when [illegible] ed no trace of annoyance [illegible] repeat that I respect your sentiment my dear Mr Senior; but I fear you do not comprehend folly of this matter. When you met this lady she was wearing a necklace that did not belong to her and she was, it appear running away wi[illegible] Her [illegible] have told me, was of [illegible] with a sable colla[illegible] Very well. In the dead hand of Pri[illegible] found a pi[illegible] ton that, my [illegible] was the [illegible] hand that took the cross from the necklace was also the hand that killed the Prince Who knows? Who— but [illegible]

[illegible] narrowed glance [illegible] re wasting your [illegible] "I know as well [illegible] hat the last thing you are [illegible] n this affair is publicity You [illegible] you wanted it [illegible] excluded all the [illegible] his necklace from [illegible]

[illegible] lanced the [illegible]

[illegible] control. "No [illegible] pated yet hat [illegible] ount. His [illegible] spoken! Terribl[illegible] may come [illegible] knows?—if no other way

"Threats [illegible] help you, Count Szemere. This [illegible] New York. not Bukharest The neckla[illegible] will be returned to you when [illegible] vernment has identified it [illegible] ion. but I can not help you. This is my last word!"

[illegible] el with rage [illegible] shook as in a chill. He sprang to [illegible] and fa[illegible] Hugh, who had risen in signal of dismissal. They measured each other silen[illegible]

[illegible] ..." he said suddenly His companions turned and looked at him.

"I think Count Szemere has a right to know all she might be able to tell h[illegible]" he said, "And I have a right [illegible] Hugh [illegible]

[illegible] don't forget it."

"And I have yours! You told me that if I married Marie her story would be[illegible] my pr[illegible]perty to use as I saw fit. Didn't you?"

[illegible] In[illegible] Hugh's gaze a faint surprise had crept.

"Well, I married her last night."

The[illegible]

[illegible] marin[illegible] is that true

Guy took the marriage certificate from his pocket. Hugh's hand shook as [illegible]

[illegible] opened and read it. A minute longer he [illegible] held it staring at it with unseeing eyes [illegible] "What do you wi[illegible]

[illegible] permit a suggestion, Mr [illegible] "I think it [illegible] Amarinth [illegible] would be wo[illegible] unprepared that is, not object?"

As Mr Am[illegible] h pleases," said Hugh. "I think that's the best way." Guy an[illegible] continued eagerly [illegible] the necklace can be brought here [illegible] the Rumanian Consul [illegible] may arrange itself by [illegible]

[illegible] Why not let one of Lester's men bring [illegible] Hugh asked

"The Consul's permission is now necessary."

"Then let him come with Lester's man. You can phone him, and [illegible] There's a telephone in the library."

THE sending up of the necklace was soon arranged for, then the three men sat down to wait. No one attempted conversation. After a few minutes of silence Hugh rang for the afternoon papers, and each made an effort or a pretense at reading. In [illegible] twenty minutes the Consul [illegible] escort arrived, and were shown into the library A box containing the necklace was then delivered, and the bearers retired [illegible] the drawing-room.

When the three were alone Hugh looked at Amarinth. "What are your orders?" Szemere replied "We must surprise her Look!

[illegible]

[illegible] will ask her com[illegible] Hugh nodded "For me. I [illegible] I advance [illegible] Again th[illegible]

[illegible] Hugh [illegible] lips tightly pressed tog[illegible] and pale. Now at Gu[illegible] to a bell and rang [illegible] answered

"Bring the tea, p[illegible] f she will join [illegible] I ask Miss [illegible]"

"Yes, sir."

[illegible] departed, and Szemere, who [illegible] had changed [illegible] he words from [illegible] had chosen [illegible] position so [illegible] now [illegible]

[illegible] h the tea-tray [illegible] on which he [illegible] He struck a [illegible] p. [illegible] were strained [illegible]

[illegible] an hour ago, sir. [illegible] have returned. She's [illegible] Thorley."

[illegible] house, [illegible]

"She left no message?"

"N[illegible]

the maids [illegible]

The instant th[illegible] was Count Szemere has run away! She [illegible] afraid! She has seen her danger better than you, Mr Senior. Ah, pardon, but I can not longer pretend to believe your story of the lost memory It is too bizarre—that! She is afraid and runs away that simply How else will you [illegible]

"I can't explain," Hugh answered. "I can only assure you that I have acted in good faith with you both. I had [illegible] told [illegible] [illegible] n her to tell you."

Amarinth sa[illegible]

"Exactly. And I don't know what other orders you may have given her I don't know where she has gone nor why I know nothing. The affair, Count [illegible] mere, now rests between you and [illegible] Amarinth."

"It is not to waste time here!" exclaimed the Count dragging on his coat "The necklace—it must go back at once."

[illegible] nsed silently and with the [illegible] he led the way to the drawing-room, where the Rumanian Consul and his companion waited. Their cab stood at the curb, and they presently departed in it with the necklace

Szemere bowed formally. "I have warned you how far my government will advance to recover the necklace and the cross. I now communi[illegible] te with my chief at Washington for authority to proceed If I have not satisfactory news from you in the meantime, the affair will be pla[illegible] in the hands of the police. My hotel is the Knickerbocker Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Hugh

Szemere strode to the door.

AMARINTH moved to follow: but a gesture from Hugh halted him In si[illegible]ce they waited until they had heard the outer door open and close again

"Have you no idea where she has gone?"

Amarinth shook his head

"This marriage When was it and where?"

"Last ni[illegible]t. We left the ball, were married, and went right back It was my fault, I suppose I persuaded her," he admitted grudgingly "Afterward she told [illegible] there was something she had kept from me—something you would tell me Well I thought if you knew we were al[illegible] keep something back, and I w[illegible]d the truth."

[illegible] "Well, I'm getting it, [illegible]

[illegible] uy made a sound of impatience. "Oh what's the good of talking about that? If we are [illegible] keep the police off the case we shall have to do something."

"What [illegible]"

Guy hesitated his eyes leveled sus[illegible] "I'll tell you wh[illegible]

"I don't think you need worry about Szemere's going to the police. That was only a bluff."

"I'm not so sure! Oh, it's easy for you to take the thing calmly—she's [illegible] wife Why did she go away if it wasn't to avoid meeting that man again?"

[illegible]

"I see! Then you agree with him the [illegible] ase of loss of memory but simply [illegible]

[illegible] God! I don't know what to believe!" Guy cried, with a pull at the door

"Perhaps, like Szemere, you think I warned her of his coming?"

"No, I think you've been square with me. I realize that you needn't have told me anything about her But there's one thing I know She had seen that man before she met him in the library."

"Seen him? Where?"

"She was standing at an upstairs window when we got out of the cab. I happened to look up, and when she saw me looking she jerked her head away."

THE sound of the outer door closing struck on Hugh's ear then the youth's quick tread on the sidewalk. Guy had waited for no answer to his final d[illegible] closure, and Hugh, [illegible] ndeed, had had none ready. He stared about the [illegible] room dazedly

So she had seen Szemere arrive, had known when she entered the library that [illegible] as there! He recalled how he had stepped between them to shield her from the Count's sight, and with the memory [illegible] the vision of her face at that moment. Instantly all doubt of her vanished. Suspicion could not exist in his [illegible] d side by side with her image. She had gone away, why or where he did not know but he knew that she would come back

He paced the floor, his nails digging into his palms. His aunt was right he had been a fool to stand aside for oth[illegible] What had come of it but misery [illegible] and all of them? He had mean[illegible] happiness, and had sacrificed hi[illegible] she might find it in her own way And that way had brought her to this, that she was the wife of a cad, a hound who was ready to believe her all that was despicable and vil[illegible]

Married Amarinth's wife! And not a word, not a glance, had passed between them. He was sure of it for he had watched in wretched jealousy to see what she would have for the man she loved

A cry of rage broke from him He was seized by the primitive instinct to kill the thing that thwarted him Back and forth across the room he paced, and it was long before his mind was clear enough for rational though[illegible] But reason could not h[illegible] him. It told him only that he could do nothing Amarinth was master now

But yes, there was something he could do. The knife! If Szemere should carry out his threa[illegible] and go to the police

He hurried to his study, and unlocking the drawer from which the night before he had taken the necklace he took out the box in which lay the dirk with the bone handle No one had ever known of it [illegible] Vining, and he had thought it [illegible] arming her [illegible] this knife, carried in her bodice, that had caused the wound in the girl's breast, and so led to his discovery of the necklace.

To whatever lengths Szemere might go, the fur-trimmed coat could never be produced for it had been destroyed in a storage house fire in London with many of Mrs. Thorley's belongings. But the knife!

"Maybe it was that the hand that took the cross from the necklace was the hand tha[illegible] killed the Prince"

[illegible] emere's words rang in his ears. He must get rid of the knife If it were found, Szemere might recognize it. He stared down at it as it lay in his hand. It could not be destroyed he must hide it. He glanced about the room, then passed into the library, seeking a hiding place There he at last decided on a window box from which a thick growth of [illegible] vy climbed a low trellis. The blade pierced its way through the soil to the bottom of the box, and he pushed the handle well under the surface. Then he smoothed the broken earth above [illegible] and readjusted the displaced creepers.

CHAPTER XVI

GAVOCK looked at his watch and returned it to his pocket with a puzzle[illegible] [illegible] and Miss Lowther had not come back.

[illegible] to return her jeweled [illegible] The possession of this [illegible] rked him Her [illegible] fering it at a pawnshop, her insistence upon his holding it as collateral—all things that had seemed natural enough as she explained them—now fairly bristled with suspiciousness. He was willing to make her a loan or a gift whichever she preferred to call it but he wanted nothing to do with that very remarkable piece of jewelry.

The telephone rang: but to his disappointment it was not Miss Lowther who was announced. It was Amarinth, and Gavock directed that he be sent up.

He tucked the cross away again in his [illegible]

ried the portrait of Alix Floria into his droom. He had no doubt as to the purpose of Guy's visit, and was surprised that he had not been made sooner. Fortunately he was now in a position to speak frankly of the matter. Miss Dupont could t be the dancer Alix Floria, whoever she might be. Still, her resemblance to the portrait was so striking that it could y disturb Guy to see it.

AMARINTH wasted little time in gre ings. "I've come to ask you so questions, Mr. Gavo Miss Dupont for somebody yesterday and last night you said it was for some one who is dead. Is that true?"

"My dear boy!"

"How can you wonder at my doubting you?" Guy exclaimed. "After what you said about lying to shield a woman you could hardly expect me not to."

"You're right," Gavock admitted. "But it happens that Miss Dupont does not require shielding; so I am free to indulge in the luxury of telling the truth. I mistook her for a girl named Alix Floria who was murdered in Paris seven years ago."

"You are sure of it—that she was murdered, I mean?"

"Why, her body was found in her room."

Gavock tossed this off with the air of one silencing all doubts, and his tone almost stung Amarinth into voicing the doubt he knew existed; but he caught his words back in time. He affected relief.

"Oh, so there's no doubt about her being dead!" he said.

"Of course not!" Gavock replied.

"Who was she, anyway?" Guy asked, giving simple curiosity.

Gavock told the story of Alix Floria, being careful, however, to drop of the doubt that had arisen as of the dead body. Andrus ha ed with Andrus he also omitted, feeling that to tell that would be to betray a confidence. Little

all the Sa

was to find that out that he had some and the con fear of the pu

What was to could be done? At the close of the story he rose with some non-committal word of comment as if to go, but paused irresolute. Where should he go?

Suddenly the memory of some words of Gavock's on the preceding night flashed into his mind. He turned back uncertainly. He was reluctant to make a confidant of any one, yet felt the need of counsel. And Gavock had been his father's friend.

"Mr. Gavock, do you remember what you said to me last night—about coming to you if I ever wanted help? You knew then, didn't you?"

"Knew? Knew what?"

"That Miss Dupont is Alix Floria."

"My dear Guy!"

recognized her in her photo-

ou were right. she is Alix Floria. Listen!"

Quickly Amarinth told the story of the girl as he had heard it from Hugh Senior and from Count Saenere, omitting only the fact of her disappearance.

"I'VE asked her to marry me," he said at last, "and this is what I have to face. If this Rumanian goes to the police, it will be in all the papers."

"I fancy that threat was mere bluff," Gavock answered. "Publicity would be against all his racial traditions."

"If it isn't bluff, do be stopped by going to Washington? He has wired the Rumanian Minister for authority to act in the affair. Would it be possible to get at the Rumanian Minister?"

"Oh, I hardly think that will be necessary."

"But he threatens to go to the police—to accuse Miss Dupont not only of stealing the necklace, but of killing the Prince!" Guy urged excitedly.

Gavock laughed. "Never! He will to drag the indiscretions of any prince, dead or alive, into the newspapers. It isn't the policy of monarchial governments to publish the weaknesses of their aristocracy. The affair is most unfortunate, and you have my deepest sympathy; but I feel sure there is no danger of the matter be-

already married told the story

supposed for his young friend. If Andrus was mistaken and this girl was Alix Floria, then she was Andrus' wife! Well, that would let Guy out. But he must say nothing as yet. He must see Andrus. And where was Andrus? Somewhere in a hospital, ill, dying perhaps.

"Of course I can get an annulment," Guy muttered, "but it's a beastly hole for a man to be in."

Gavock studied the frowning face. "You love her, of course?" he murmured.

"I did."

"Did! When? Yesterday? Then you do to-day, and will to-morrow and many days after. Love isn't killed in an hour, don't think it." A wave of feeling crossed his face, and he laid his hand on the young man's arm. "Don't be in a hurry. Nothing has been proved. Wait!"

"There isn't a chance that she isn't the dancer, Mr. Gavock, and the best I can is to keep the story from getting out. Do you think you could do anything in Washington? You said last night that you knew the French Ambassador."

"I could reach the Rumanian Minister through him, and I shall be glad to do anything I can for you. But I don't believe Saenere will dare to move openly."

"He's hot after that cross. He'll go to any lengths to find it."

"What cross?"

"The missing pendant. It's a Greek cross that the Patriarch of C gave to a Prince

says it necklace it looks like stage junk."

"Did he describe it?" Far back in Gavock's head an idea had stirred, fab

remember but is probably like the necklace, barbaric looking, with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, enameled on the under side. But I must go. I must find out what Mr. Senior has done."

"You'll let me know if I can do anything at Washington? I'm sure, however, that you need not worry about Saenere. And don't make a other. Wait until you're sure. Don't throw away the gift of the gods, dear boy!"

Guy turned toward the door, his jaw set.

"That's what I did, Guy, twenty years ago, and I've paid for it with twenty years of loneliness. Wait, dear boy, wait!"

"You're very kind," said Guy, rushing

GAVOCK sighed as the door closed. It was a sigh compounded of many kinds of regret—regret reckless obstinacy, for man's to woman, for his o years. And then he futility of regret, for sighing.

He took the cross from his pocket and unwrapped the handkerchief carefully folded about it. His hands were slightly nervous. He was telling himself that there must be many diamonds and emeralds and rubies backed by enameling, that such a evidence was too wild and absurd to be considered calmly. And yet

He looked at the ornament in his h might well have been a gift from Patriarch of Constantinople to a prince shop. Incredible as that idea was less incongruous than Lowther's story. That he was con was pure fabrication. At any rat to his hands

what would be the quickest it end? Should

ross, no doubt. I much necklace when he painted

Andrus had nd. In that case the

plest way to the cross to for some sort

What to Do When You're Lost in the Woods

"To get lost" is the easiest thing in the world for lots of people if they stray away from cement sidewalks and streets that run between rows of houses. Plenty of people confess that they "get turned around" even in cities, and comparatively few casual visitors to the wilderness can keep any idea of directions at all.

Of course, most people who go on regular trips to the wilds each year learn the knack of directions; but even these in thick timber or rough country will frequently get completely bewildered.

All this comes from living in civilization, where one does not have to depend on positive directions.

All woodsmen, range riders, mountain Indians, and other outdoor people develop the sense of direction to such an

change in direction as they travel. They

will turn in their tracks and go back to their starting point as straight as a bee, regardless of turns and twists.

For the novice who can not do this and thus gets "lost" there are two things to bear in mind, especially if he gets lost

The first is, don't "get rattled" or frightened and go plunging off in the direction you think camp is; for nine times out of ten you will go away instead of toward it. Just keep cool, and don't get into a panic, for you can pull yourself out of your difficulty if you keep cool and think.

Follow the Water Courses

IN any given country the streams flow in a given general direction, and thus all the larger streams run more or less the same way. And almost any one can remember which way the water courses he has passed or crossed were flowing; so this alone will act as a guide to general directions back the way you came, and prevent traveling in a circle.

wild animals, travel, broadly speaking, in

right it will bring him somewhere near his starting point, time and speed of travel being the same, in about the same time it took him to come from his starting point.

The surest way for the novice, however,

following the first running water he comes to. Of course he should camp the best he knows how, and get what shelter and sleep he can at night, and never in any circumstances attempt to travel the wilderness in the dark, for only an expert can do that, and even he is liable to accidental falls or hurts in the dark.

The novice should travel in daylight and always travel down stream following the first flowing water course he finds, and not leave it. Just travel "with the water" and keep going, and it will bring you to some human habitation sooner or later, because new settlers in a wild country always travel up the streams and stick to water as a necessity. Therefore the outlying settlements are almost always close to a running stream.

Live on Fishes and Edible Plants

A along the streams, just as edible plants do, so one can always find some way to get enough grub to go on. If one has gun and fishing tackle, he is fixed if he follows the streams. So carry a few hooks and lines in your pockets when you go

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Doctor to a Nation



N[illegible] Dr. Rupert Blue, the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service. Thanks to him, the common drinking cup and roller towel have [illegible] San Francisco [illegible] River to study insect life. [illegible] the health of the United States [illegible] the whole [illegible] American [illegible] abroad, specializing in tropical medicine. He is the youngest man who has ever [illegible] this post.

Natural Fakers



THESE are not nature fakers. Nature fakers are human beings. Natural fakers are [illegible] something they are not.

Two of the [illegible] Kallima [illegible] approaches the walking-stick draws in its legs, disposes itself on a brown twig, and [illegible]

As [illegible] Kallima [illegible] special point of parading about in full sight, even hanging suspended in midair, its beautiful wings widely stretched to show their glorious markings. But at the first hint of danger it makes for the nearest bush, chooses a twig, and folds back the pointed ends of its wings on the branch to which the twig is attached. In this position and helped by the brown patches in its coloring, which [illegible] the decayed spots on [illegible] the Kallima escapes detection.

Club Life for Babies

A[illegible] clubs [illegible] themselves from [illegible] what, on the whole, has [illegible] boring time than Friend Baby? [illegible] to happen?

[illegible] far otherwise at the first and only Babies' Club, which is to be found [illegible] at the club early [illegible] three is the age limit [illegible] club babies [illegible]

When [illegible] approaches, at a signal [illegible] they all run off to the [illegible] carrying table[illegible] plates and basins. In a [illegible] may be, sits at the head [illegible] the food, in a most [illegible] to the other children [illegible] a delightful tea party [illegible]

At [illegible] mattresses on which [illegible] Then they adjourn to the [illegible]



Keep Things Bright
with

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

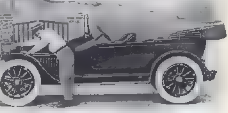
[illegible]

[illegible] has dozens of uses for Johnson's Prepared Wax [illegible] is just as necessary around the house as soap [illegible] use it for cleaning and polishing

The furniture, woodwork and floors
In Your Home

The desks, [illegible] cases, cabinets [illegible]
In Your Office

The body, hood and fenders of automobiles
In Your Garage



JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

is the [illegible] It is quite different from [illegible] on the market—most of which contain acid or [illegible] remain on the surface sticky and tacky [illegible] collecting every [illegible] of dust

Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a perfectly hard, dry, glass-like finish that

Does Not Gather Dust

It keeps new cars bright and shiny for an indefinite time—and will make **old cars** look as well as a coat of paint and varnish

Johnson's Prepared Wax is in paste form [illegible] easy to use [illegible] small scratches [illegible]

"Sheds Water Like a Duck's Back"

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives perfect results over all old finish[es] varnish, shellac or oil. You will find it splendid as a polish for

Floors	*Pianos*	*Desks*
Linoleum	*Furniture*	*Golf Clubs*
Woodwork	*Automobiles*	*Gun Stocks, etc.*

[illegible] coupon [illegible] package and a free copy of our new 25c Instruction Book. This is the work of famous experts—beautifully illustrated in nine colors. You will find it [illegible] of valuable ideas on home beautifying.

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Aging Forty Years in Three Days



within the unwinding of a reel photo-drama. He was first to appear as a youth of twenty-five, then as a man of forty-five, and finally as the same man twenty years later.

...ust natively Mr. Mor-... as he had ... ago parted hair on the right sid... o-day he left side is a favor. Now for the face. Says he:

"I had to make the wasting of years visible to the audience. There is a great ... in the amount of flesh on the ... een twenty-five and sixty-five ... to add a ... e flesh to the youth- ... ding up from the inside ... s with paraffin. When I re- ... this and appeared as my normal self I got about the right contour for the face of forty-five.

... of flesh-paints. The shadows under the cheek-bones under the lower lip, and under the eyes, together with the high-light on the cheekbones and the bridge of the nose, gave me this effect. You see, what I had to find

look when I got old. I had to study my own features, and learn where on my own face the lights ... will eventually come ... that will make me old ... pearance and in reality ... w that when I get to be forty-five I shall comb my hair carefully over a little bald spot, and wear a youthful sort of mustache. We all do it.

"Then I had to make up my hands. They were lighter ... der in the first scene, to prevent ... ers shadows, which always make one's hands seem older. I left them au naturel in the forty-five-year-old scene. But in

the last ... ... ntuated the veins and added the shadows that belong to an old man's hands. F. Hopkinson Smith's 'Colonel Carter' ... his exquisite picture ... ter, helped me unconsciously in his regard.

"Here is another point, ... portant ... flesh-paints ... young man appear old before the ... this camera conscious only of his ... or thirty.

... joints to be stiff ...

"I sent a photograph of myself in the first of those scenes to a dear old lady who was a schoolmate of my father's. 'Now Jimmie,' she writes me, 'I never saw your father when he was as young as that, but I have. I has ... that is a picture of ...

"Did any one ever have ... ment for his 'make-up' ability than this?"

Food that Grows Wild

N...ETY-NINE out of every hundred ... grow wild we regard as ... good and nourishing food. ... Nearly every thing in the line of food may be dug out of the earth, picked from ... of the fruits of trees. Practically any- ... to Florida, and from the Atlantic ... , he may secure all sorts of foods from wild vegeta...

Cat ail Soup

EXCELLENT soup may be made by boiling the soft ends of cattails. It tastes like vegetable soup, with a bit snappy, pungent flavor ...

... salad. Other ... ely classed as sub- ... flour, beans, ... vinegar, peas, starch, pickles, coffee, hot cakes, olive oil, etc. ... can be made from the sap ... birch, from the twigs of black and red spruce, and from the pulp of honey-locust pods, the fruit of the persimmon, and the root of sassafras. Cider

chickweed found in waste places ... and meadows from Nova Sc... nesota, and as far sou... ... good as ... for flour made from the common wild ... which is found almost anywh... weed grows and ... as far south as Georgia and Alabama. This lily has a ... and tastes very much like raw corn on the ... it in place of flour as a thickening for ...

In their first early hardships the Pilgrims ...

... This is a ... m any- where from Canada to Florida and as far west as Missouri.

Dandelion Coffee and Sunflower Hot Cakes

THE flower of the ordinary marigold may be pickled. It is readily obtainable in marsh and meadow lands in almost any of the Eastern, Southern, and Middle Western States. Coffee substitutes can be obtained from any number of different fruits, vegetables, nuts, and leaves. Perhaps the most satisfying relative of the caffeine bean is the seed of rye and ground okra. Less agreeable substitutes may be made of parched meal, dried sweet po-a-...

produced from the ordinary sunflower. The seeds of ... be made into ... ashes. The oil pressed from sunflower seeds makes a good substitute for olive oil.

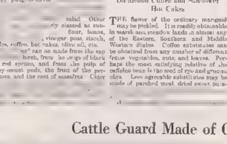
No Need to ... Weeds ...

STARCH ... ous of wild ...

... and even as far west as Missouri ... giving off a juice that if taken ... cause a fatal inflammation, can be ... edible by being boiled and ... being cleansed and pounded and ... soaked in a considerable quantity of water, a deposited ... when washed and dried is real starch.

If one should ever get lost in the woods, should become hungry and ... person, he would have right at hand any number of different kinds of food to ... All one has to do is to learn the use of wild weeds, the coarse grass ... unsavory-looking fruits growing in ... luxuriance in every locality where he ... and scrub are plentiful. If one knew it. Nature has more remedi... ... that ... ... ens of man's genius ... ed a billionfold.

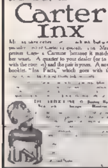
Cattle Guard Made of Cactus



AN ingenious ... for ... Arizona ... of using ... guard ... which ... of a frame of two-by ... placed on edge and fitted between the tracks. In the bottom of this structure is placed a few inches of sand and gravel in which the cactus is plant... As the cactus grows in ab... oad's right of way this form of cattle ...



Mr. and Mrs. ... Carter ...



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The World's Champion of Cowdom

ALL hail the championess of all cowdom, Mrs. Finderne Holingen Fayne! She is only three years old; but she has shown herself the 100 per cent. efficiency that cow breeders have been trying to produce since science took a hand in cattle raising.

Here is what she did that entitled her to the world's championship. During her year's test, just closed, she gave 24,612 pounds of milk, 1,395 pounds of butter, 1,115 pounds of fat.

Seventeen Times Her Weight in Milk

AS a pint of milk weighs a pound, it will be seen that Mrs. Fayne's annual production in quarts was 12,306, or enough to feed twenty-five babies for a year. Mrs. Fayne weighs 1,450 pounds; so that she gave seventeen times her own weight in milk in a year, and nearly her weight in butter.

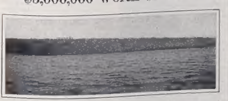
In return for all this wonderful milk and butter production all that Mrs. Fayne has asked from her caretaker is currying and washing twice a day, and regular feeding.

Possibly the most surprising thing connected with this great performance of Mrs. Fayne's is that the cow has grown under the severe strain to which she has been subjected for the whole year and has gained in weight something like 200 pounds.

Never once did she miss a meal. A large box stall was allotted to her, in which she had liberty to move about at will. During the summer months she was turned out in a small lot to graze.

Mrs. Fayne, whose register number is 144,551, is owned and was bred by Bernhard Meyer of Finderne Farms at Somerville, New Jersey. She comes of aristocratic lineage, as her father was King Hendvereld Aggie, who cost $2,000. In her prime her mother, whose name was Mutual Hendvereld Holingen Fayne, was a world champion, also bred by Mr. Meyer at the Finderne Farms.

$3,000,000 Worth of Ashes



FIFTEEN years ago a man named Ricker owned—at low tide—two and a half acres of mud flats in the East River, opposite 90th street, New York. At high tide his property wasn't visible except for one small knob of mud. Ricker gladly sold it to the city to escape even the small taxation.

To-day those two and a half acres of mud flats at low water have been transformed into a great island of more than 250 acres, high above high water. It has docks, a cable road for hauling ashes, and already work is under way to remove all the institutions on Blackwell's Island to this island of ashes and make the former island over into a park. For Ricker's Island has been built up during the last fifteen years from ashes collected in New York, and the island is now worth $3,000,000.

The Camera in Medicine

THE piercing value of the X ray is at last well understood; but few people realize that the ordinary photographer's lens sometimes reports secrets of ill health that the physician's eye has missed. It is not yet determined just how far the camera may be depended upon to help the diagnostician; but the demonstrations up to date are of peculiar interest to both the scientist and the layman.

A Case in Which the Camera Foretold Smallpox

SOME time ago, after making a picture of a sailor, the photographer was surprised to find on developing the plate that it was in some way defective. A second and even a third sitting did not help. The sailor was sent to a skin specialist, who reported no trace of any disease. However, the eye of the camera proved its searching power; for three days afterward smallpox developed.

Another interesting case of the revealing power of the camera is that of a physician who was visiting an intimate friend. Happening to see a life-size, full-face photograph of his host, the physician noted unmistakable signs of thickening of the tissues. He was startled, for he had never noticed it in his friend. Naturally the revelation led to the ultimate cure of the disease.

Dr. Hertoghe of Antwerp, who has made this study particularly his own, has used it with excellent results in diagnosing an abnormal thyroid gland. A middle-aged man had suffered with extreme nervousness all his life. Photographs of him and his near relatives showed that peculiar look around the eyes which defies description, but is an infallible sign of the neurotic.

Missing links in personal history, an essential part of diagnosis, are often obtainable only through photographs.

An Old Photograph Helped This Diagnosis

ONE puzzling case was recently solved by means of a photograph of the patient taken in his babyhood. With the help of a reading-glass, the picture showed the enlarged wrists and bow legs of rickets, a disease of which the outward signs had completely disappeared. Of course, when the effects of this disease were taken into account the diagnosis was made clear.

The great advantage of camera diagnosis is that it catches and retains the exact condition of the face and can be studied at leisure; while the living face, with its fleeting emotions, is far more baffling.

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The New Coast Guard

THE Life Saving Service hitherto has been a civil institution. It is now in process of organization as a military establishment, for use in case of war. Every surfman is to have his Krag rifle, and will be regularly enlisted, instead of being hired for the season, as heretofore. Each life saving station will be provided with one machine gun, and the keeper will hold rank as captain.

Rifle practice, and plenty of it, will be in peace time a part of the routine business of every station, in order that the men may become expert sharpshooters. They will dig trenches in the sand of the beach, and with machine gun and Krags will defend the shore line against attack by landing parties of an imaginary enemy.

Immediately upon the outbreak of war the service (now renamed the Coast Guard) will automatically become an adjunct of the navy, and as such it will have assigned to it the important duty of protecting the naval wireless plants strung all along our coasts at intervals of 200 miles. The first thing likely to be attempted by an enemy is to capture and disable these outfits for distributing intelligence.

Each wireless plant will be in communication by telephone and telegraph with all the life saving stations for a distance of hundreds of miles; and, under the system now being organized, an emergency summons will call out from each station a sea-going power boat carrying a machine gun and a dozen or more armed men. Thus, within a surprisingly short time, a formidable body of defenders will be assembled, trained for the kind of fighting that is expected of them. Hastily throwing up intrenchments along the beach,—the best fortification in the world is a bank of sand,—they will be able to offer dangerous opposition to an invader.

Every Lighthouse a Signal Station

EVERY lighthouse from this time forth is to be equipped as a signal station, and similarly provided with telephone and telegraph. By the same means of communication the life saving stations will be connected together as in a continuous chain all along the coasts. No hostile fleet can approach within sight of shore and escape the attention of the surfmen and lighthouse keepers, who, in their ordinary business, are trained to see everything that floats in range of human vision.

The lighthouses will serve admirably as signal towers. Their equipment, as well as that of the life saving stations, will include powerful telescopes and binoculars, wigwag flags, navy numeral flags, pistols that shoot fire balls of different colors, and acetylene lamps for signaling at night. In time of war a special signal book will be furnished by the Navy Department, the international code being of no value, of course, where secrecy is desired.

At short intervals along the beach are telephone boxes, like those used by policemen in cities. The surfman out on patrol is never more than a mile or two from such a box. Suppose that in time of war he catches sight of a squadron of hostile warships. He runs to the nearest box and telephones to the station. The station keeper telephones or telegraphs to the naval wireless plant—fifty miles away, perhaps. The wireless outfit sends the news to the great long-distance wireless towers at Arlington, across the Potomac from Washington. Arlington calls up the Navy Department, which issues corresponding orders by wireless to our battle fleet and to the coast forts.

War-Time Regulations

IN case of sudden and serious emergency the coast wireless plant would send the news direct to the fleet and to the forts and batteries. Even when nothing in particular is "doing," in war time a daily telegram will be despatched from each life saving station to the headquarters of its own district (inland), using a cipher word to indicate that all hands are well and the equipment in good order.

All such messages in time of war will have right of way over the wires, which when necessary will be cleared of every other kind of business. The efficiency of such a system was tested in a more or less experimental way during the Spanish War, when it proved highly satisfactory. A striking illustration of its merits was afforded when the battleship *Oregon*, after circumnavigating South America, arrived at Jupiter Inlet. Captain Clark sent a boat ashore to the life saving station, and inside of ten minutes the Navy Department at Washington had his message.

The places most likely to be attacked by a hostile fleet are in the neighborhood of harbors, and wherever there is greatest congestion of shipping. Fortunately, it is along these parts of the coast that life saving stations are most thickly sprinkled. Thus, for example, on the south shore of Long Island there are twenty-nine stations within a distance of 150 miles. On the New Jersey coast are forty stations in 110 miles. Again, south of the entrance to Chesapeake Bay (an open and undefended door most inviting to an enemy) there are, between Cape Henry and Cape Hatteras, twenty-two stations in a stretch of 75 miles.

There are few life saving stations along the greater part of the Florida and Gulf coasts, because in those waters there is comparatively little shipping. But in the neighborhood of Galveston there are seven. It will be a surprise to most people, by the way, to learn that Galveston is the second most important city in the United States in respect to the value of its exports, being outranked in this regard only by New York. It is the port of outlet for the product of the greatest cotton-growing area in the world.

One advantage of the system for war purposes here outlined, and a very important one, is that in case of an outbreak of hostilities with a foreign power the trained men of the life saving stations will be already on the ground. They will not have to be assembled elsewhere, transported to the scene of their suspected activities, and instructed in unfamiliar duties. Their thorough acquaintance with the localities in which their work is to be done will in itself be a most valuable help.

Right here too comes in another important point. In time of war the life saving stations will furnish pilots for torpedo boats, submarines, and other small naval craft operating along the coasts. For such purposes they will possess the requisite acquaintance with local waters; they will know every shoal and channel. Our torpedo boats, for instance, might find it convenient to hide in river mouths and inlets, in circumstances that would make such knowledge vital to their safety.

There are 222 life saving stations along the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts of the United States, much scattered in some places, thickly sprinkled in others. Taken as a whole, they will compose, as organized for signal purposes, a chain of lookouts most valuable in war. In peace time they will be rendered much more efficient for the rescue of shipwrecked people by the system of communicating intelligence now being developed. This system is being worked out by the Treasury Department (to which the Coast Guard belongs) in cooperation with the navy. But, under the new law, the minute war breaks out, the Coast Guard, with all its appurtenances, including the vessels of what hitherto has been called the Revenue Cutter Service, automatically becomes part of the navy; the peace organization is transformed at an hour's notice into a force for military employment.

Shall I Drink With My Meals?

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

Each week Dr. Bowers will answer the most interesting question he receives

A SURPRISING number of people are interested in knowing whether or not they should drink while eating.

Yet it is not surprising that they should ask, since even the medical fraternity, until a recent yesterday, were divided on this subject.

Drinking with meals was generally held to contribute to laziness in chewing—large and indigestible lumps of insufficiently masticated food being "washed down" by copious draughts of tea, coffee, water, beer, or other liquids. These beverages were believed to dilute the gastric juices to such an extent that the pepsin and hydrochloric acid were rendered too weak to carry forward peptic digestion—to convert albumens into peptones.

Consequently, the cure for most of the manifold digestive ailments affecting human beings consisted in "dry diet." Liberal quantities of water were given a half hour or more before each meal, to wash out the accumulated mucous secretions and prepare the stomach for the ordeal of wrestling with a mass of nutriment. This was required to be eaten entirely without liquid aid—except as furnished by the saliva. Dry diet had one decided advantage, in that the excitable, hurrying possessor of the recalcitrant stomach had to chew and thoroughly insalivate his food in order to avoid choking when he gulped it down.

In so far as "dry diet" made for a more thorough trituration of the food particles, and an increased insalivation of the food, this was most excellent, and many dyspeptics, whose chief sin consisted in "bolting," were cured.

But we now know, as the result of painstaking experiments and analyses of test meals, that a reasonable amount of fluid with the food serves only to dilute it and bring it in contact with a larger number of stomach glands than would be the case were it undiluted. This contact stimulates, probably by physiological irritation, the amount of gastric juice secreted, and also assists in the churning (or peristaltic) action of the stomach, thus hastening digestion.

It has been contended that the comparative freedom from dyspepsia existing among the Italians and French is due to their habit of drinking diluted wine with meals. This would be excellent reasoning, except for the fact that alcohol with meals—in any form or in any amount—retards digestion.

Perhaps, however, the safest rule to govern eating and drinking is to take only one thing at a time in the mouth. This will, of course, compel mastication and the free flow of saliva, while at the same time it will dilute the stomach content so that a maximum amount of digestion can be accomplished in a minimum length of time.

Next week: "Why Should Children Be Nervous?"

He Is Wearing His First Necktie



MR. COFFMAN, newly inaugurated Mayor of Chickasha, Oklahoma, is now wearing his first necktie as a regular addition to his wardrobe. He made that addition on April 7, the day following the city election in which he defeated A. Haight, Republican candidate, and J. Van Dunham, Socialist, by a large vote, and thereby gratified a desire that had nestled in the Coffman heart since he first set foot in Chickasha twenty-three years ago.

Mr. Coffman's life has been very eventful. In his youth he was wont to wander. One balmy spring day in 1892 he alighted from a train at Chickasha, which was then the terminal of the main line south of Kansas City. Mr. Coffman cast an experienced eye over the frontier town and said, "I like this place. I am going to stay here. Some day I'll be Mayor of Chickasha." This assertion would long since have come true but for one thing—the people of the Third Ward wouldn't let him. They kept on electing him to the City Council year after year, until Coffman had represented the Third Ward in the City Council fourteen years. He decided that it was time to stop and be Mayor. In 1912 he announced himself for that office, and was defeated by J. B. Burton by thirty-one votes. The day after that memorable election Mr. Coffman announced that in two years he would again be a candidate for Mayor. His inauguration on May 3, 1915, was the result.

Mr. Coffman made but one campaign promise. That was that when elected Mayor he would don a necktie, an ornament that he had never before permitted himself to indulge in. That promise he has made good, and even the people are becoming accustomed to it. "I was never much for style," explained Mr. Coffman; "but I was always great for comfort."

The day after election the postman left twenty-seven packages at the Coffman residence. Each contained a necktie, a present to the Mayor elect from admiring friends.

How Can I Save Enough to Buy a Home?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

IN 1914 there were 6,429 local building and loan associations in this country, with total assets of $1,248,479,139. One does not hear much about the building and loan association, because it is an organization of debtors—men striving by coöperative means to pay off the mortgages on their little homes; and the debtor is never a loud talker or boaster.

If you have enough money to pay cash for half of your home, there is not much need to resort to a building and loan association. This is especially true in the neighborhood of a town or fair sized village. There are always insurance companies, savings banks, trust companies, estates, and individuals, together with an army of lawyers acting as go-betweens, who are ready to lend at 5 or 6 per cent.—at least, in the Eastern and Middle States—on half the value of a home. The building and loan society is most useful when the would-be house-owner is able to invest immediately only about a quarter or even a fifth of the total purchase price, which is usually about the value of the lot, or a little less.

In order to borrow from a building and loan society one becomes a member, which means taking a certain amount of stock. This stock is paid for in monthly instalments, which amount to enough to also meet the 6 per cent. interest on the loan you have made from the association and to gradually pay off the loan itself. The profits on the stock and the length of time in which it takes to pay for the stock all depend on how many loans the association makes and how well they turn out.

The vital principle of this purely coöperative idea is that the loans shall be made only to persons living in or near the community, so that the officers are able to estimate values accurately without difficulty or expense. In small communities men know pretty well the value of the properties in their neighborhood and the standing of their owners. The officers usually serve without pay, and, if they use reasonable caution, this type of coöperative enterprise is practically always a success.

Borrowers should beware of strangers whose reputations they do not know. It is usually preferable for borrowers to do business with local institutions of established reputation, if possible, rather than with individuals, who are far more likely to be exacting. Loans at long range, from home-building companies or from any sort of company or association that makes loans far removed from its home office, should be carefully scrutinized; although this advice must not be taken as applying to farm property, lending on which is an entirely different class of business.

Of course, everybody knows that the use of a second mortgage is often a dangerous business principle, although now and then it is justified. The advantage of the building and loan idea to the borrower is that, in addition to sharing in the profits, he pays off his debt in regular instalments. Where he borrows with no such provision for paying off the debt, the main point, of course, is to have some assurance that the lender will extend; and the lender most willing to extend is naturally the one who is in a position to ascertain the borrower's good faith and standing without going to trouble or expense.

Next week Mr. Atwood will answer the question: "Can I Get 8 Per Cent. on My Money?"

The Largest Field of Sweet Peas in the World

ONE is ordinarily inclined to look upon the raising of flowers as being merely a pastime occupation, as a sort of individual gratification of an almost universal esthetic taste. According to government statistics, however, it constitutes a great deal more than that: it is a real business, and one that is truly surprising in its magnitude. There was a total of 18,248 listed acres in the United States in 1909 devoted to the raising of flowers, the product from which was valued at $34,872,329.

In California the growing of flowers constitutes a specially important industry. With more than 1,000 acres devoted to their culture in a business way, the crop each year has a market value of more than $1,500,000. And the business has more than doubled during the last ten years.



The largest single field of sweet peas in the world, in fact, is to be found in Southern California, near Redondo, which is shown in an accompanying illustration. This field comprises 350 acres, in which are grown sweet peas of nearly every known variety and color. It constitutes a truly interesting sight, and the fragrance from the flowers loads the air so heavily as to be almost unbearable. Another single field of carnations, twenty acres in area, located near by, yearly affords a similar marvelous sight.

Besides these immense fields of sweet peas and carnations there are many smaller areas in California devoted, respectively, to the growing for market of chrysanthemums, violets, daisies, asters, dahlias, all kinds of lilies, roses, and so forth. They are cultivated in much the same way as vegetables, requiring on an average about the same care. Many of the flowers are sold through the flower stores of the cities and to decorators for fiesta purposes; but the chief income to the growers comes from the sale of seeds. The annual shipments of flower seeds from California amount to many tons.





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